

PROVERBS FROM

PLYMOUTH PULPIT



HENRY WARD BEECHER

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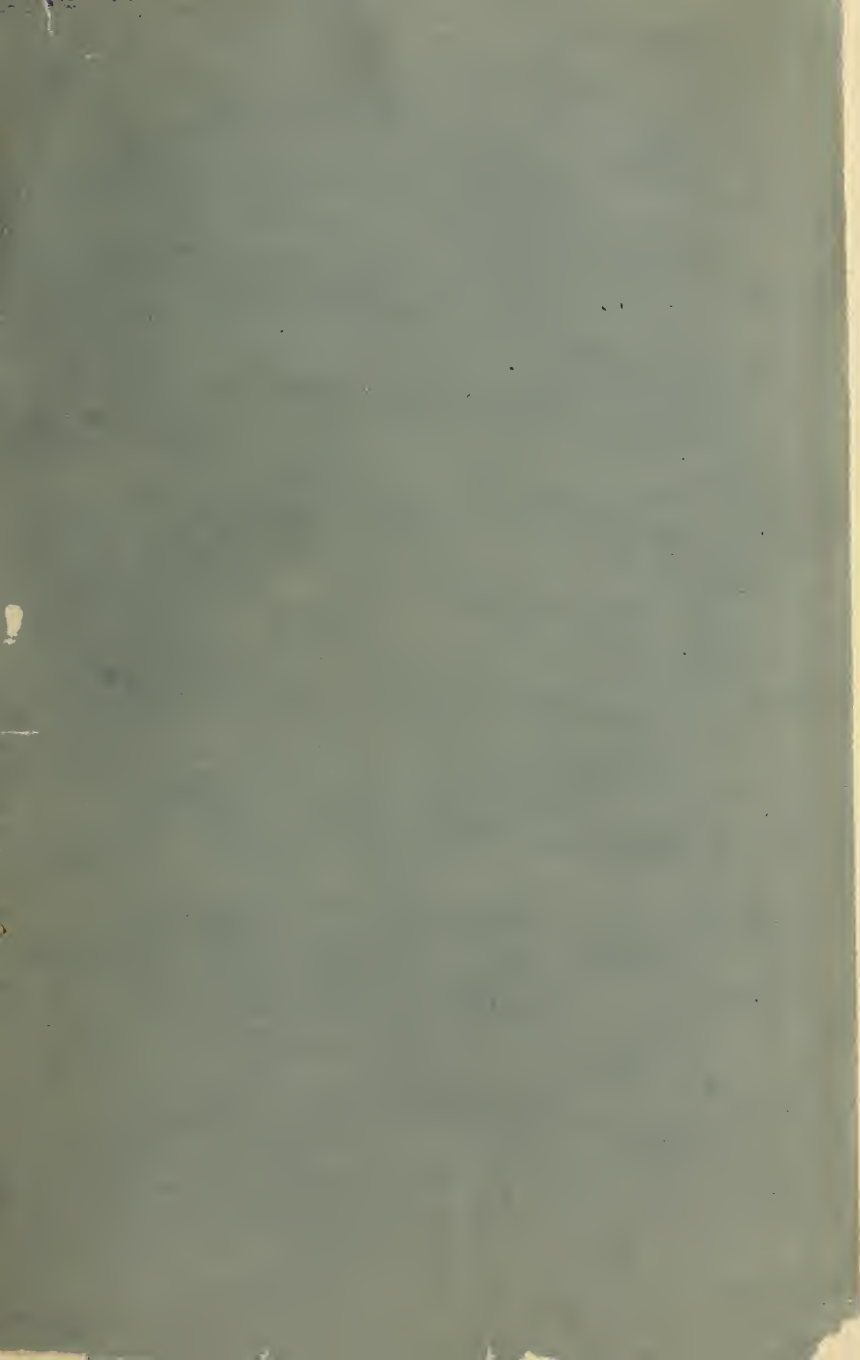
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PROVERBS FROM PLYMOUTH PULPIT

SELECTED FROM THE WRITINGS AND SAYINGS OF

HENRY WARD BEECHER

BY

WILLIAM DRYSDALE

REVISED IN PART BY MR. BEECHER, AND UNDER REVISION
BY HIM AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH



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INTRODUCTION.

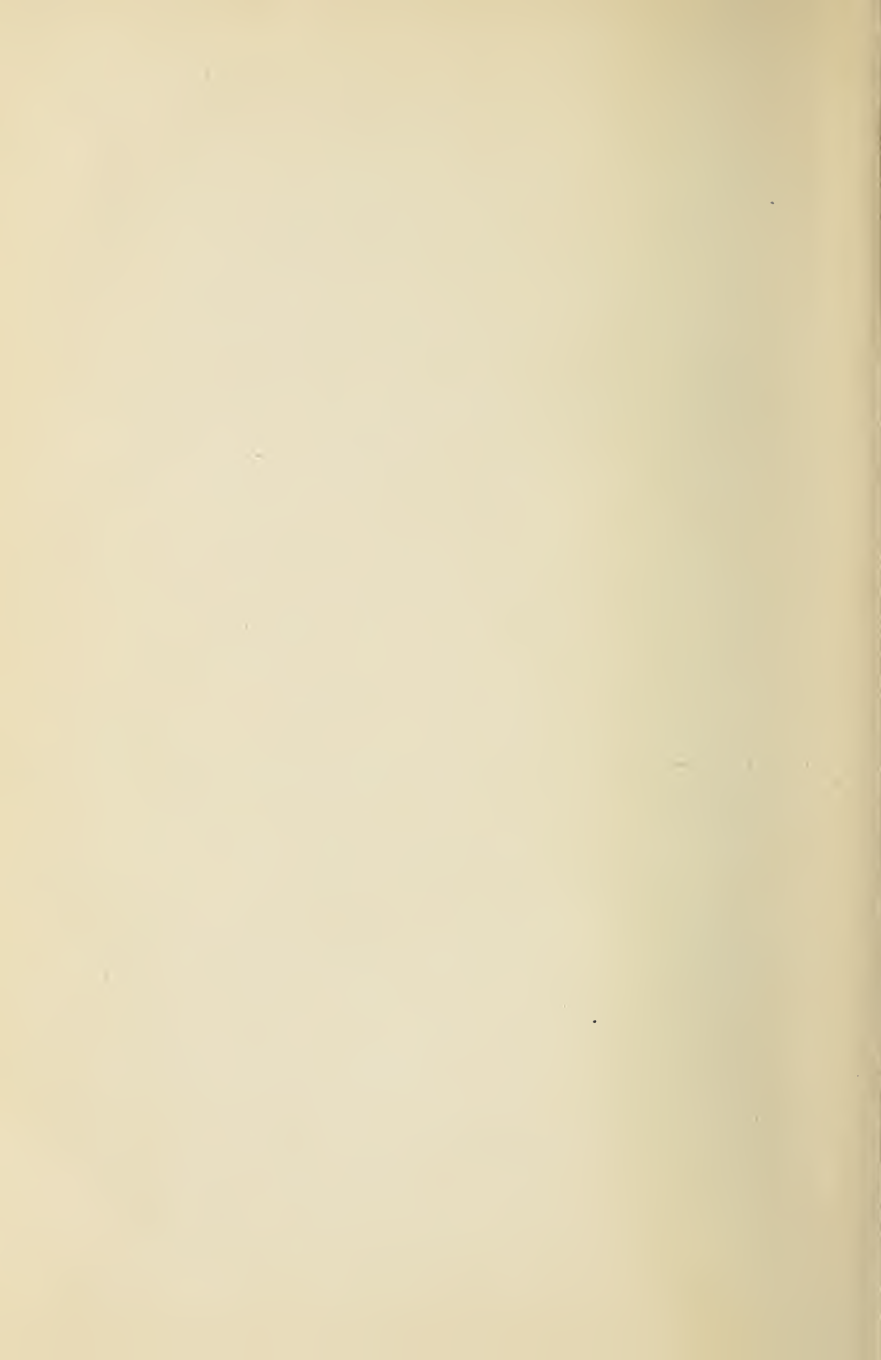
THE characteristic sayings by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher contained in this volume are selected from the sermons, speeches, and writings of the pastor of Plymouth Church.

The work was begun nearly ten years ago, at Mr. Beecher's suggestion and under his guidance. After its completion the manuscript was in his hands, and he from time to time revised and corrected it. When his ministry came to a glorious close, he had gone patiently over about one third of it, making many alterations, additions, and erasures. The remaining proverbs stand in the words in which Mr. Beecher originally clothed them.

The labor of making these selections from the many volumes of Mr. Beecher's works was greatly lightened to me by assistance from Mr. Beecher himself, and from one who preceded him by several years on the great journey, the Rev. Walter S. Drysdale.

WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

NEW YORK, *April*, 1887.



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PROVERBS

FROM PLYMOUTH PULPIT.

NATURE.

AT the bottom of every leaf-stem is a cradle, and in it is an infant germ; the winds will rock it, the birds will sing to it all summer long, but the next season it will unfold and go alone.

The births of God Almighty are births of weakness. Everything in the universe comes to its perfection by drill and marching—the seed, the insect, the animal, the man, the spiritual man.

The first hour of the morning is the rudder of the day. It is a blessed baptism which gives the first waking thoughts into the bosom of God.

No cradle for an emperor's child was ever prepared with so much magnificence as this world has been for man. But it is only his cradle.

Nature would be scarcely worth a puff of the empty wind if it were not that all Nature is but a temple, of which God is the brightness and the glory.

The more important an animal is to be, the lower is its start. Man, the noblest of all, is born lowest.

8 *Proverbs from Plymouth Pulpit.*

The wide pasture is but separate spears of grass; the sheeted bloom of the prairies but isolated flowers. However small, that can not be insignificant individually without which greatness would not be great, nor beautiful.

Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made, and forgot to put a soul into.

The higher up in Nature we go, the more things endlessly branch and diversify. Perfectness demands diversity, and not similarity.

Flowers are sent to do God's work in unrevealed paths, and to diffuse influence by channels that we hardly suspect.

Flowers may beckon toward us, but they speak toward heaven and God.

The monkey is an organized sarcasm upon the human race, with variations multitudinous.

The dog was created specially for children. He is a god of frolic.

Leaves die, but trees do not. They only undress.

If a man that loves flowers, and loves them enough to labor for them, is not to be trusted, where in this wicked world shall we go for trust?

Every farm should own a good farmer.

The greatest event in a hen's life is made up of an egg and a cackle. But eagles never cackle.

Of all man's works of art, a cathedral is greatest. A vast and majestic tree is greater than that.

The best stock a man can invest in is the stock of a farm ; the best shares are plowshares.

The apple-tree is tough as an Indian, patient as an ox, and fruitful as the Jewish Rachael.

Small farming is often the largest.

Nature can work roughly and coarsely in generalities, but she wants man's intellect and will to interpret what she does.

God has quilted the earth with beauty, and combed the hair of millions of mosses, reeds, and grasses, and every day fills them with jewels, and yet nothing is foppish or garish !

A wild rose, a prairie rose, or a sweet-brier, is a floral nightingale whose song is perfume.

What a great heart an apple-tree must have ! What generous work it makes of blossoming ! The tree is but a huge bouquet. The field only has a bosom large enough to wear it !

A flower is the point of transition at which a material thing touches the immaterial ; it is the sentient vegetable soul. We ascribe dispositions to it.

Some have supposed that the mosquito is of a devout turn, and never will partake of a meal without first saying grace. The devotions of some men are but a preface to blood-sucking.

A cow is the saint of the barn-yard. She could be fat if she would only be selfish. But she economizes beauty that she may be profuse in milk.

A man who sees in Nature nothing but materiality, is no more an artist than he is a musician who, in one of Beethoven's symphonies, hears only noise.

Every summer has its own portrait and individualism. Every year is a divine composition—a multitudinous picture. God never copies his own pictures, or repeats them.

Rain ! whose soft architectural hands have power to cut stones, and chisel to shapes of grandeur the very mountains, as no artist could ever do !

Maple-trees are the cows of trees (spring-milked), plain, good, useful, but not adorable.

There is a distinct joy in owning land, unlike that which you have in money, in houses, in books, pictures, or anything else which men have devised. You wed the land, and it brings forth innumerable children.

No city-bred man has any business to expect satisfaction in a pure country life for two months, unless he has a genius for leisure and even laziness.

Some days seem to be characterized by some single sense. There are head-days, heart-days ; there are eye-days and ear-days ; in each of which distinctive sensations of pleasure predominate. No man can be happy in every part of himself at one and the same time.

Never did a summer storm pass that did not smite on the storehouse of autumn, and cause it to open its doors, and bring forth of its abundant treasures.

October is the opal month of the year. It is the month of glory, of ripeness. It is the picture-month.

The hills wait for us in the morning, with their sides draped with mist-lace, wrought in mighty convolutions and patterns, such as royalty could never command from Mechlin or Valenciennes.

No town can fail of beauty, though its walks were gutters and its houses hovels, if venerable trees make magnificent colonnades along its streets.

The elms of New England! They are as much a part of her beauty as the columns of the Parthenon were the glory of its architecture.

October is Nature's funeral month. Nature glories in death more than in life. The month of departure is more beautiful than the month of coming—October than May. Every green thing loves to die in bright colors.

That is nature which we come to by culture, not that which we come to before we are unfolded. It is absurd to look for nature in youth, or in barbarism. Nature is to be looked for in civilization and right manhood.

Men like Rochefoucauld represent human nature very much as if a man should undertake to represent the rivers of our country by analyzing the common sewers of New York. There is far more of goodness among men than of evil. There is far more of happiness than of misery. But one shriek has more effect upon the nerves than a whole day long of quiet smiles.

God clothes the flowers of the field, we are told, but he pushes babes into life naked. Learning how to make their clothes, for the inside and for the out, is the business of a man in this world.

MAN.

A MAN in ripe age is like a sword in a shop-window. Men that look upon the perfect blade do not imagine the process by which it was completed.

There is always need for a man to go higher, if he has the capacity to go.

A man ought to carry himself in the world as an orange-tree would, if it could walk up and down in the garden—swinging perfume from every little censer it holds up to the air.

It takes longer for man to find out man than any other creature that is made.

The strength of a man consists in finding out the way in which God is going, and going in that way too.

The way to avoid evil is not by maiming our passions, but by compelling them to yield their vigor to our moral nature. They should be to spiritual sentiments what the hot-bed is to early flowers.

Man with his faculties is like a band of music. Here is your trombone, here are your flutes, the cornet, and the French horns. It requires long drill for each instrument. It is the very business of life to teach men the use of their several parts, and the harmony of the whole.

No man who has not waded through history, who has not sounded the depth of blood, can have any conception of the lowness and diminutiveness of man. English literature is bitter, down to the time of Cowper, with contempt of the vulgar herd.

In the morning, we carry the world like Atlas ; at noon, we stoop and bend beneath it ; and at night, it crushes us flat to the ground.

Every man carries a menagerie in himself ; and, by stirring him up all around, you will find every sort of animal represented there.

To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, full of sympathy, full of helpful hope, causes a man to carry blessings of which he is himself as unconscious as a lamp of its own shining. Unconscious goodness is the perfume of the soul in blossom.

Man is God's. Everything else is the nursery and nurse of man.

If a man is fit to go higher, he will show it by being faithful where he is.

A proud man is seldom a grateful man, for he never thinks that he gets as much as he deserves.

Christ's lament over Jerusalem is the key-note to the whole love and symphony of God toward wicked men, as represented in the New Testament.

In the destruction of a man there is more than in the whelming of an empire, because it is forever, *forever*, FOREVER !

The most difficult people to manage are the men who never see anything in a jest ; who never relax a feature ; who never develop a smile ; who never indulge in humor. They are rocky men, on whom no moss will grow. They are harsh men who carry gashing angles to the end of life.

No man can be charitable toward all men who does not start with the belief that men are weak and temptable in all parts of their nature. If you do not expect excellence, you will be less disappointed at missing it.

We have no right to treat a man as if he were a beast because he has acted like a beast.

A man without ambition is worse than dough that has no yeast in it to raise it.

Men never grow up into manhood as an acorn grows into an oak-tree. Men come to it by re-births in every faculty, again, and again, and again.

The highest manhood resides in disposition, not in mere intellect.

Man is the *omnium gatherum* of all vexatious insects in the world. He is the only universal tease. A man that can bear cheerfully his fellow-men has little to learn.

There *is* true nobility in England. God makes genuine lords—not the king, nor the constitution.

There is nothing that makes men rich and strong but that which they carry inside of them.

There are some men whose nerves seem not to have been covered up. They lie out to the weather.

There is many a Waterloo fought in the soul of a man, without historian to record it.

The eye is a daguerreotype plate. It is set to receive pictures, not to compose or paint them. The art of seeing well is not to think about seeing.

The tongue of a man may be the silver bell of the soul, or the iron and crashing hammer of the anvil.

True aiming in life is like true aiming in marksmanship. We always look at the fore-sight of a rifle through the hind-sight—sagacity is the fore-sight and experience the hind-sight.

Every man is made up, as it were, of many men. We are populous. All our faculties and tendencies may be considered as separate personalities; and that which is of the earth, earthy, is made to suffer, in order that that which is of the heavens, heavenly, may rise into ascendancy and power.

Nothing is orderly till man takes hold of it. Everything in creation lies around loose, or is mixed up in the most inextricable disorder. Men make science. God made only the materials.

Men need mixing. Lawyers ought not to consort only with lawyers. Soldiers should seek civil society. We need our complement and counterpart to fill out deficiency.

It is not what a man *finds* that does him good, but what he *does*.

A man is a great bundle of tools. He is born into this life without the knowledge of how to use them. Education is the process of learning their use, and dangers and troubles are God's whetstones with which to keep them sharp.

No creature that God made on the earth has so little liberty to do as he pleases as man, unless he pleases to obey natural laws.

You must put your hand into a man's heart to find out how much he is worth, not into his pocket.

A man is safe just in proportion as you develop the whole of him, and dangerous in proportion as you permit him to be little. The more you develop man the safer he grows. Virtuous intelligence is national insurance.

Man is to be thoroughly enlarged, thoroughly empowered by development, and then thoroughly trusted.

A man who does not love praise is not a full man.

A man without ambition is like a beautiful worm—it can creep, but it can not fly.

Proud and lazy men are like old hulks that make no voyage, and leak at every seam.

You never know till you try to reach them how accessible men are ; but you must approach each man by the right door.

God will never receive us upon any invoice sent from this world. Every man is to be unpacked, examined, and reappraised.

Of all miserable men, they are the most miserable who have been educated intellectually, who have fine tastes and strong emotive powers, but no sort of ability to get along when obliged to shift for themselves. The ability to convert ideas to things is the secret of outward success.

There is an equator that runs just under the nose : all that live below the equator are animals ; all that live above it are men.

Every man should build himself up in such manhood, strength, and beauty, that other men will say, "Show me the path that he has trod."

It is part and parcel of every man's life to develop beauty in himself. All perfect things have in them an element of beauty.

No one has ever seen the man that is in man; still less the man himself.

All the wide world is but the husbandry of God for the development of the one fruit—man.

Man is God's courier through time and eternity, and nothing that concerns him can be considered as little.

Many men use their ears as a bolting-cloth, only to catch the bran and let the flour go.

Sharp men, like sharp needles, break easy, though they pierce quick.

The worst thing a human being can do is to bring down his standard. Better throw the compass overboard, and let winds and currents do the steering.

Society owes a man whatever he has earned—only that and nothing more.

Uncertainty, with fear, is hell.

No man owns anything until it has been converted into to-day. To-morrow we have no business with. We steal if we touch to-morrow. It is God's.

God makes every man happy who knows how to play upon himself. Every man is full of music; but it is not every man that knows how to bring it out.

No man has a right to go beyond a certain amount of brain-expenditure.

We may use the interest but not the capital of excitability.

Man is at the bottom an animal, midway a citizen, and at the top divine. But the climate of this world is such that few ripen at the top.

Some vulgar men are like a frog that sits on the edge of a morass, and croaks one note, one note, one note, and whose life consists in plumping into the mud, and getting out again, and croaking, croaking !

God made men to live upon pleasurable excitement. There is not a faculty in the human soul that is not made to have the inspiration of pleasure in it.

The wise man, who is neither parsimonious nor profuse, steers a middle course of generous economy and frugal liberality.

The moment a man loses his stomach, the citadel of his life is taken.

A man must ask leave of his stomach to be a happy man.

Sanguine men ruin themselves to enrich the community. Schemers and speculators open up new ways, develop inventions, and, though they themselves perish, the slow and cautious men who come after grow rich by their labors, while they ridicule their memory. Thus the analogy with Nature is complete. It is the dying leaves and grass of last summer that furnish the food for the living grass of this summer.

A young man used hardly and roughly will be a tougher man in the end. He will go into the fire iron and come out steel.

Mankind are yet to be enfranchised. Intelligence, virtue, moral sentiment, inspired by the spirit of God, are going to prevail. God is abroad upon that work.

The mere wit is only a human bauble. He is to life what bells are to horses—not expected to draw the load, but only to jingle while the horses draw.

Our thoughts, our tastes, our emotions, our partialities, our prejudices, and finally our conduct and habits, are insensibly changed by the influence of men who never once directly tempted us, or even knew the effect which they produced.

Man needs to intensify his abhorrence of the beast that is in man—the belluine appetites, the passions which are destructive to peace and happiness.

God has made sleep to be a sponge by which to rub out fatigue. A man's roots are planted in night as in a soil. Life is a plant that grows out of death.

Some men are in regard to ridicule like metal-roofed buildings: the hail that hits them bounds rattling off—not a stone goes through.

The power of hiding ourselves from one another is mercifully given, for men are wild beasts, and would devour one another but for this protection.

A sick soul finds medicine in company, but for a poisoned heart there is nothing in the world so poisonous as men.

A tongue that is the chimney of the lower nature is full of soot and blackness.

Clothes and manners do not make the man; but, when he is made, they greatly improve his appearance.

Where the human race was an acid race when Christ found them, they are now, comparatively speaking, a sugar race.

He who strikes his fellow-man, when poor, and weak, and helpless, buffets his Saviour; and he who crowns his fellow-man, crowns his Saviour.

Man hitherto has been strongest in his capacity of hating. Christ sought to change the point of supreme power to love.

Some men move through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air, to every one, far and near, that can listen; others fill the air with harsh clang and clangor. Many men go through life carrying their tongue, their temper, their whole disposition, so that, wherever they go, others dread them.

All men have to avoid thistles; but the thistle never avoids any that it can scratch. Many men are thistle-like in scratching others.

When God made man, he made more of nature in him than he did in all the rest of the world besides. Man is nature, the rest of creation is but wood and leaves.

None love to speak so much, when the mood of speaking comes, as they who are naturally taciturn.

In engineering, that only is great which achieves. It matters not what the intention is, he who in the day of battle is not victorious is not saved by his intention.

Men need brotherhood and sympathy as much as they need the loaf. The soul is often hungrier than the body, and no shops can sell it food.

There is no man on earth that you can afford to treat otherwise than kingly.

Few men try all their faculties ; most men are like gunboats, carrying a single heavy gun, with which they do most of their fighting, the rest being done with small-arms.

The strong are God's natural protectors of the weak.

There is so much that is deaf and dumb in man, and so much that is paralyzed, so much that is shrunk, that nothing short of a miraculous touch of re-creation can make them at death perfect beings.

The ignorant classes are the dangerous classes. Ignorance is the womb of monsters.

Man makes all natural laws serve him, and rides them. They are his bow, by which he projects the golden arrow of success.

The best lessons a man ever learns are from his mistakes. It is not for want of schoolmasters that we are still ignorant.

There are few misers ; but there are a great many men who have the elements of miserism in them, and need only time and opportunity.

There never was a man with a big brain, except Christ, who was not despotic somewhere.

There is nothing in life for most men but what they work out with their hands, fertilized by their brains.

A man may be self-indulgent in books as well as in wine and pleasure. A man may be a glutton of knowledge as well as of food.

Unless a man has an aim, his life is like a harness, all the parts of which have been unbuckled from their fellows, and which are so many separate straps heaped up in a room. Unless they be put together and placed on the horse, he can not draw.

In this country a man who knows how to save will just as surely be well off before he dies, if he does not die too quickly, as the sun shines. Men earn enough, but spend too much.

Unproductiveness is as bad as indolence. Faculty, time, and desire should be out at interest and be productive.

If a man is great in the spiritual elements, he is great everywhere else; but, if he is small there, he is small everywhere else. Not animalhood, but manhood, must be measured.

The world has been made like a vast grinding-stone, on which to polish and sharpen men by attrition.

The bottom of the brain, as a rule, is far stronger and more fruitful in our race than the top.

Not the best but the worst parts of men are largely brought into activity by their surroundings in this world.

He that keeps company better than himself rises higher. It is ruinous to go down for our company.

The future of the races of mankind will probably be larger and nobler and better than anything that we can now take in by the utmost stretch of fancy or reason.

There is no man that lives who does not need to be drilled, disciplined, and developed into something higher and nobler and better than he is by nature. Life is one prolonged birth.

A man who can not get angry is like a stream that can not overflow, that is always turbid. Sometimes indignation is as good as a thunder-storm in summer, clearing and cooling the air.

He only is a man and she only is a woman who are adequate to the circumstances in which God's providence puts them. Candles must have shelter and candlesticks, but stars are out in all weathers.

No man has a right to make of his past life a stumbling-block, an obstruction in his way of going forward to a new and a higher life.

There is the same fierce, destructive nature in man that there is in the lion and the tiger; the same combative nature that there is in the wolf; the same cunning, artful nature that there is in the fox. We have not descended from animals, we are with them yet.

A man ought not to be like clay, that flattens out when it is thrown upon the ground, but like an India-rubber ball, that springs back when it strikes a solid body.

The tongue draws men like music, or it drives men like a scourge.

The tongue is the *mitrailleuse* of the body, and men are slaughtered by the wholesale before it.

In his natural state every man is a commonwealth in anarchy.

No man is such a conqueror as the man who has defeated himself.

Anxiety, fear, ill-fated desire, are signatures on the human face. Suffering and anxious care are written there.

Human laws, institutions of every kind, public opinion, the customs of society, all things tend to hold a man up so long as he is virtuous ; but, broken down, public opinion, customs, institutions, and laws are all against him and hinder his recovery.

There is nothing so helpless as a man floundering under the fruits of his transgression, with the suspicion and unsympathy of the world in which he lives against him.

Little angers, petty, surly tempers, how mean they are ! They are worse in a man than Canada thistles are on a farm. They are worthless themselves, and they root out things that are good and useful.

As when you attempt to catch a moth, you find it so small that, though you grasp it tightly, you can not hurt it ; so, when memory grasps some men's qualities, so frivolous are they that you can neither catch nor hold them.

That which lowers the sacredness of man is the greatest evil that can visit a nation ; for a nation is made rich by its manhood, and is poor when manhood is at a discount.

Men go, as the Western herds do to a stack, and pull out mouthfuls of time, which, instead of being wisely employed, are trodden under foot and wasted.

Men ought to be young till they die, so far as energy, persistence, ambition, and augmentation of resources are concerned.

Man can not be man without the predominance of the spiritual elements over the carnal. For the most part, spiritual qualities are but as flowers in a button-hole.

Some of the best things that men ever do are things that they do, as it were, accidentally. Their very virtues are accidental.

A man that does not know how to be angry does not know how to be good. Now and then a man should be shaken to the core with indignation over things evil.

An indolent man is like an unoccupied dwelling : scoundrels sometimes burrow in it ; thieves and evil characters make it their haunt ; or, if they do not, it is full of vermin.

We have a dividend in that common glory which belongs to mankind by reason of the life and of the deeds of every heroic nature.

The man who perceives life only with his eye, his ear, his hand, and his tongue, is but little higher than the ox or an intelligent dog ; but he who has imagination sees things around and above him, as the angels see them.

That kind of refinement which shuts up a man to a little handful of people, that makes a needle of a man with a very sharp point and a very small eye, which leads a man forever to keep himself apart from his fellow-men, is not God's refinement. It is the phosphorescence of selfishness.

Good-nature is worth more than knowledge, more than money, more than honor, to the persons who possess it, and certainly to everybody who dwells with them, in so far as mere happiness is concerned.

Good-nature, when it is a birthright, is based on good health and moderately fair circumstances, and is better than genius, better than property, better than external honors.

He whose disposition is cheerful, imaginative, and humorous, has a summer of the soul; and in that summer atmosphere reason will act more clearly, conscience will be sounder, fidelity will act better, than if they are exercised in a frigid zone, or in the chills and peltings of a morose disposition.

In hours of doubt it seems labor thrown away to undertake to change the great human race. It is only when looking into the eyes of Jesus which carry light everywhere that we can have hope that every man can be changed into a son of God.

No man in this world can thrive and build himself up who does not love the world, its industries, its enterprise, and its attainments.

It is sympathy with human life that inspires genial activities and keeps men within suitable restraint.

The adult population of the world are knotted and warted with bad habits, and it would seem impossible to get a clean man of them. But Christ says, "Go, wash!" and they return clean.

Many men are stored full of unused knowledge. Like loaded guns, that are never fired off, or military magazines in times of peace, they are stuffed with useless ammunition.

MANHOOD.

THE truest self-respect is not to think of self. Self-contemplation is apt to end in self-conceit.

Every man has laid up in his nature an absolute sovereignty over himself, whether he finds it or not. One may come to it in one way, and another in another; but, if you come to it by none of the ways, it is still there—an unused sovereignty.

A man is educated just in the proportion in which, by his soul-power, he controls the conditions of his life; and a man is uneducated just in the proportion in which he is controlled by his external conditions.

God made every man to have power to be mightier than the events round about him; to hold by his firm will the reins by which all things are guided.

The manly man is one who always finds excuses for others, but never for himself.

A loving heart, a genuine sympathy, a pure, unadulterated taste, a life that is not scorched by dissipation or wasted by untimely hours, a good, sound body and a clear conscience, ought to make any man happy.

Self-indulgence is a moth and rust that utterly corrupts true manhood.

This world is God's workshop for making men in.

It is the very ideal of true manhood not to be suppressed. A man should lay it down in his mind, when he begins life, "I am, and I will be, superior to my circumstances."

If there is no difference between you and other people, except that you wear drab and they wear broadcloth, then there is no difference at all.

What is a man worth that should spend five years in making a pin, which is nothing but a pin after it is made? Diminutive art is mere trifling.

No man is good for anything who has not some particle of obstinacy to use upon occasion.

Manhood is developed where men mingle with men, and are tempted to selfishness, and rise above it; to pride, and hold it in subjection. It is where men are tempted to be fiery, and bitter, and cruel, and greedy, and aggressive, that they strengthen the opposite tendency.

It is a man dying with his harness on that angels love to escort upward.

Many men come into the harbor of old age empty. They have used their manhood for fuel to make steam for the voyage.

Blessed is the man who gathers as he goes symmetry, shapeliness, temper, quality, adaptation, so that when he issues from the farther side of this world he is a perfect man.

Christ's ideal of manhood is power in the head, and power in the heart, and art in the hand, with the humiliation of love, and carried down to the lowest and meanest, if thereby they may be helped.

It is the man who puts the vigor and enthusiasm which God inspires into the life that now is who will be fitted for the world that is to come. "Having done all, stand."

God rolls this round globe like a grindstone, that by its very attrition men may be made bright and sharp.

If we would have anything of benefit we must earn it; and earning it makes men shrewd, inventive, ingenious, active, enterprising.

Where all of the man is what property he owns, it does not take long to annihilate him.

A man that is afraid is never a man. Strength in every part, and love round about all, is the receipt for manhood.

The carrying of man up toward the ideal of manhood develops him away from force and brutality, and toward pity and compassion. The further you go from typical man, the more you lose pity as a constituent element.

While the executive part of some men grows sharper and more effective as they advance in life, those things which constitute noble traits grow worse and worse, till nothing seems left in old age but teeth and claws.

No office can make a worthless man respectable. A tallow-candle does not become wax by being put in a golden candlestick.

Wherever you find patience, fidelity, honor, kindness, truth, there you find respectability—however obscure and lowly men may be.

If there was no grit in a grindstone, how long would the axe be in grinding? And, if affairs had no pinch in them, when would there be made a man?

There never will come a day in which a man can be made into a man, except by going into the fire, and on to the anvil, and under the hammer.

The perfect manhood of the race in Christ Jesus is the errand of Christianity.

A thorough-bred horse can be told by what he can endure. In a charge across a long, plowed field the old hacks will break down, while the thorough-bred horses scarcely show fatigue. So it is with men.

Only give leadership to the moral sentiments, and then let on everything that God gave a man when he made him. The more there is of him the better. The animal instincts may be abeyed so long as the moral sentiments carry the scepter.

God is working upon men in various ways to bring them up out of their shuffling condition, and to fit them for a higher manhood, and make them instruments of good.

When a man comes to die, then all there is in him of manhood goes with him, and all the rest is baggage.

A man might as well expect to think or dream of a house or a ship as to build up habits by easy indifference and well-wishing.

A man should hold himself adequate to any place or function; and he should understand that God has a providence for every circumstance, and that he never puts a burden on shoulders that have not strength to bear it.

The great problem of this world is how to maintain manhood while one is feeding through the mouth, through the ear, and through the eye.

A man without self-restraint is like a barrel without hoops, and tumbles to pieces.

He who is to be a man of might among men, and a master of men, must have mind and will; but he must have stomach and breast also, for the gun-carriage must be in proportion to the gun which it bears.

THE HUMAN MIND.

FEELING is the bow, and thought the arrow. Alone one is as helpless as the other. The head gives artillery, the heart powder; the one aims, the other fires.

The imagination is the secret and marrow of civilization. It is the very eye of faith. The soul without imagination is what an observatory would be without a telescope.

The soul's hours of strong excitement are its luminous hours—its mountains of vision, from which it looks over the landscape of life with unobstructed gaze, and takes bearings for its direction when going down into the valley.

There is no passion of the human soul so persistent and universal as that of hatred. Race hatreds, religious hatreds, hatreds of rivalry, of jealousy, of fear, of interest, abound. Every one has conscience enough to hate, few have religion enough to love.

Conscience stands back of all other courts, and has, in the last estate, to try every course and every procedure.

Sometimes fear is wholesome and rational; it is well to swing fear as a mighty battle-axe over men's heads when no other motive will move them.

Theology is nothing but mental philosophy applied to the divine mind and the divine government.

Perverted pride is a great misfortune in men; but pride in its original function, for which God created it, is indispensable to a proper manhood.

The rarest feeling that ever lights the human face is the contentment of a loving soul.

Words are but the bannerets of a great army, a few bits of waving color here and there; thoughts are the main body of the footmen that march unseen below.

The center of nature is in the human mind. The meaning of the outward world is not in itself, but in *us*.

Strong as is money and invincible, yet, in the long run, ideas are mightier than money. Tyrannies are overthrown by ideas. Armies are defeated by ideas. Nations, and Time itself, are overmatched by ideas.

The sphere that is deepest, most unexplored, and most unfathomable, the wonder and glory of God's thought and hand, is our own soul !

Teaching gives ideas, training reduces ideas to habits. Teaching gives knowledge, training reduces it to character. ✓

All our other faculties seem to have the brown touch of earth upon them, but the imagination carries the very livery of heaven, and is God's self in the soul.

A propensity to talk is as much a natural gift as a propensity to invent or construct.

Like waves, our feelings may continue by repeating themselves, by intermittent rushes ; but no emotion any more than a wave can long retain its own individual form.

One of the original tendencies of the human mind, fundamental and universal, is the love of other people's private affairs.

It is not probable that the same state of mind in all its details has ever been twice produced exactly alike by any text of Scripture or any passage of Shakespeare. Variation is inevitable.

He will see most without who has the best eyes within ; and he who only sees with his bodily organs sees but the surface.

If a man can have only one kind of sense, let him have common sense. If he has that and uncommon sense too, he is not far from genius.

There was no instrument that was ever struck that had such music as every faculty of the human soul has in it. God never made anything else so beautiful as man.

The battles in which thoughts are the only swords, and purposes are the only spears, and tears are the only shots—the inward struggles of men's souls—these are, after all, the mightiest battles, though unseen and unrecorded.

All words are pegs to hang ideas on.

Excitements among a thinking people tend to clearer convictions, to surer intuitions, to more heroic purposes, and loftier enthusiasm.

Involuntariness is the test of all excellence. No man does any thing perfectly who does it on purpose.

Men take on things first because they ought to; at length they practice them because they like to; and finally they do them because they do not think anything about them. But subtly, at the bottom, there is the sense and fact of duty.

There are people who have ripples, but never waves; who have surface feelings, but never depths of feeling.

The more the human mind is developed, the more numerous are its wants to be supplied; and blessed is that nation which has to supply the wants of a civilized people.

Hope, wit, imagination, constitute the buoyant temperament. God wants all these radiant, joy-breeding, joy-dispensing traits developed.

No man can be well educated who has not in his intellect the color, and the inspiration, and the warmth, that the sentiments and emotions give.

There is nothing which vanity does not desecrate.

Men have a thousand desires to a bushel of choices, as there are a thousand blossoms to every bushel of apples.

It is not possible that one should be under the dominion of a noble feeling, and not look beautiful in the face. ✓

Fear, shame, self-respect, and self-interest, hold in check cruelty and cunning, and all forms of passion, and all gross and sensual appetites, and in so far are the auxiliaries of conscience.

In regard to the great mass of men, anything that breaks the realm of fear is not salutary, but dangerous ; because it takes off one of the hoops that hold the barrel together in which the evil spirits are confined.

On account of their excess and abuse, men call the engineering instincts passions. They are the working powers by which men strive with Nature, and strive for success in the bodily life.

God plants no yearning in the human soul that he does not intend to satisfy.

Every human faculty kicks back with just as much pain as it thrusts forward with pleasure.

36 *Proverbs from Plymouth Pulpit.*

There are materials enough in every man's mind to make a hell there.

All the faculties of man's mind need breaking, harnessing, and right directing ; but they must not be killed or maimed.

A good conscience riles up love, and gives it backbone, and makes it clean to the core, solid, strong, efficacious.

We carry to men the same faculties that are active in us, and excite in them the same feelings. Irritability produces irritation. Pride excites pride and the resistance of pride ; mirth rouses mirth ; anger, anger.

We ought to be ten times as hungry for knowledge as for food for the body.

In the natural order of the human mind, to every faculty there is its counterpoise. If there is justice, there is benevolence. If there be combativeness, there is its tenderness ; if fear, also courage.

People should be hungry with the eye and the ear, as well as with the mouth.

It is a hard thing for a man to take such an instrument as the human mind and keep it in tune with itself, and also keep it in accord with other minds, with their different temperaments, and in all their varying moods, and under all their trials and swayings, and warpings and biasings.

In things pertaining to enthusiasm, no man is sane who does not know how to be insane on proper occasions.

As men are cultivated, the feelings carry with them intellect, and the intellect carries feeling; they are not separated.

The human soul is God's treasury, out of which he coins unspeakable riches. Thoughts and feelings, desires and yearnings, faith and hope—these are the most precious things which God finds in us.

Every feeling like a flail should come down, and bring out some wheat on the great thrashing-floor of life.

A perfect feeling eventuates in some form of action. Unfruitful feelings, even if they are not spurious, are likely to become morbid, irregular, mischievous. Action is the right outlet of emotion.

There is nothing that is so wonderfully created as the human soul. There is something of God in it. We are infinite in the future, though we are finite in the past.

Man's reason is overhung by the imagination, and is energized by it, and so is made more valuable than it can be in its barren, material, practical self.

The soul is a temple; and God is silently building it, by night and by day. Precious thoughts are building it; disinterested love is building it; all-penetrating faith is building it.

When a man is born, his faculties are there, like so many masses of paint on a painter's palette. There are pictures in those paints, but they will never appear till some hand fashions them.

As the flute has its quality of sound, and the clarionet and the trumpet have each their own, so different minds have their own peculiar qualities, that set them apart from all others.

So long as the world lasts, the enlightened head will be master of the unenlightened head ; a man with a large head and an enlightened mind is superior to a man with a small head and an unenlightened mind, and must rule.

A practical, matter-of-fact man is like a wagon without springs : every single pebble on the road jolts him ; but a man with imagination has springs that break the jar and jolt.

In man mirth may rise to the dignity of a moral faculty.

Our finer feelings are like the evening primrose ; all the sunlight but shuts them closer. They blossom only in twilight.

People of too much sentiment are like fountains, whose overflow keeps a disagreeable puddle about them.

Conceit is the most incurable disease that is known to the human soul.

Conceit, if it be present in youth, is stronger in manhood, and is strongest in old age.

A man's real style is like his skin : the shape of his skin is the shape of his body. If the style is obscure and convoluted, it is because the man was so himself.

BUSINESS.

MERCHANTS, who live upon confidence and credit, can ill afford to undermine the conscience of the community. Anything which weakens or paralyzes this is taking beams from the foundations of the merchant's own warehouse.

All the humblest avocations are so arranged that, while they serve to support the workman, they do even more for the community than for him that follows them. There is a benevolence in all wise selfishness.

It takes a *man* to make a devil ; and the fittest man for such a purpose is a snarling, waspish, red-hot creditor.

Like a gun that fires at the muzzle and kicks over at the breech, a cheating transaction hurts the cheater as much as the man cheated.

Men who have been very stingy and very grasping are usually men who have very strong commercial instincts.

More influences forming the opinions, habits, and characters of men spring out of business than out of almost all other relations which men sustain.

No man has a right to put his character for integrity and honesty upon a commercial venture.

Customs represent the experience of mankind ; and, in commerce, equity, fidelity, and integrity are simply customs. Experience is the mother of custom.

There is not one whom we employ who does not, like ourselves, desire recognition, praise, gentleness, forbearance, patience.

A man that has simplicity, honesty, truthfulness, purity, and fidelity, whether he is rich or poor, is prosperous.

A simple-minded man, that is honest, that is trustworthy by reason of his fidelity, has an uncomplicated way to walk in, free from anxiety and fear.

Good judgment is to business what good steering is to navigation. Moral elements enter largely into good judgment.

A reputation for good judgment, for fair dealing, for truth, and for rectitude, is itself a fortune.

God made the course of Nature so that it is more profitable to be right than to be wrong. God made the absolute nature of society such that righteousness profits in the long run better than wickedness.

The man who has the good-will and the good-nature of the men among whom he lives, of the society in which he dwells, is like a craft that has wind and currents both in its favor.

Prosperity in life largely depends upon the good-will and confidence of those with whom we deal. Truth, honesty, fidelity, and purity win confidence.

Men go shopping just as men go out fishing or hunting, to see how large a fish may be caught with the smallest hook.

When a man sells eleven ounces for twelve, he makes a compact with the devil, and sells himself for the value of an ounce ; he sells himself to as many devils as the number of times that he sells eleven ounces for twelve.

It is the front part of the counter that corrupts the back part. Men that sell are perverted by the men that buy. Buyers seek "bargains," instead of being willing to render an equivalent for what they receive.

How many pretenses men that sell goods weave! What poor articles, with what a good face, do they palm off on their customers!

No man should wish another man's property without rendering for it a full equivalent.

A man can impart to a business a flavor of honor by his own conduct, which shall make it thereafter more creditable to any one who enters it.

In the ordinary business of life, industry can do anything which genius can do, and very many things which it can not. Genius is a steed too fiery for the plow or cart.

The conceptions of Michael Angelo's genius would have perished like a night's fantasy had not his industry given them permanence.

There is no sponge that will suck, in so short a time, so vast a quantity of money, as a farm recklessly carried on.

Interest works night and day, in fair weather and in foul. It gnaws at a man's substance with invisible teeth. It binds industry with its film, as a fly is bound upon a spider's web.

Debt rolls a man over and over, binding him hand and foot, and letting him hang upon the fatal mesh until the long-legged interest devours him.

It is a good sign where a man is proud of his work or his calling.

One may work with the hands before breakfast, but not much with the head. The machine must be wound up. The blue must be taken out of your spirits, and the gray out of your eyes.

The commerce of the world is conducted by the strong; and usually it operates against the weak.

If you sell your conscience to Interest, you traffic with a fiend.

Every young man would do well to heed this: Successful business stands upon the inevitable foundation of morality.

To-morrow, when you go into your business and find twenty thousand dollars that can easily be scooped up, and the law on your side—and the devil, too—look into the invisible and see the crown which angels have for him who shall say, "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

Organized business is a thing of law; and law is always hard and unrelenting toward the weak.

Uprightness has more genius, more executiveness, more aptitude for business than knavery.

A young man should go out of an establishment where he is required to do wicked things quicker than a shot goes out of a cannon when it is fired!

The bread which we solicit of God, he gives us through our own industry. Prayer sows it and industry reaps it.

Debt is an inexhaustible fountain of dishonesty.

Of all things on earth next to his God, a broken man should cling to a courageous industry.

Blessed be the man whose work drives him. Something must drive men ; and if it is wholesome industry, they have no time for a thousand torments and temptations.

The distresses, the cares, the vexations of business—these are smooth words ; but there is more suffering at disastrous times in a business life than ever was seen in the Inquisition of Spain or Rome.

The habit of trifling with property by careless expenditure often degenerates to worthlessness, indolence, and roguery.

He is the happiest man who is engaged in a business which tasks the most faculties of his mind.

Work is not the curse, but drudgery is.

The business of life is largely made up of minute affairs, requiring only judgment and diligence.

What genius beholds with a flash of the eye, industry gains by a succession of blows. Men see the result, and care not for the process.

The purest pleasures lie within the circle of useful occupation. Mere pleasure—sought outside of usefulness—is fraught with poison.

Young business men are often educated in two very unthrifty species of contempt—a contempt for small gains, and a contempt for hard labor.

They who slowly amass the gains of useful industry, build upon a rock; and they who fling together the imaginary millions of commercial speculation, build upon the sand.

Some men with a good trade perpetually burn up their luck by their hot temper.

A life of slippery experience can have but a disastrous end.

Business men are to be pitied who do not recognize the fact that the largest side of their secular business is benevolence.

A tool is but the extension of a man's hand, and a machine is but a complex tool. And he that invents a machine augments the power of a man and the well-being of mankind.

No man ever manages a legitimate business in this life without doing indirectly far more for other men than he is trying to do for himself.

Every mechanic should make himself a respectable mathematician.

Blood tells in horses, and intelligence tells in men. The intelligent man makes a far better laborer than the stupid man.

Intelligence increases mere physical ability one half. The use of the head abridges the labor of the hands.

There is no calling that is not made better by brains. No matter what a man's work is, he is a better man for having a thorough mind-drilling.

They who make gods of goods, and go bowed down under the gold they carry, are worse off than they who journey wearily over the hot sands of the desert.

Credit demands the solid rock of integrity. It will not stand upon the shifting sands of custom. The merchant should be a Puritan in morals.

The world's strength lies in the million hands of producers and exchangers. Power has shifted. No matter who reigns—the merchant reigns.

Many men in New York get so used to failures that they expect them as much as ten-pins expect to be tripped up; it is part of the game. If they do not expect it, their neighbors do.

Nothing requires truth so much in the inward nature as credit; and business, above all other things, stands upon credit. Anything that destroys integrity in the individual, destroys credit in business.

He who sells work sells brains. "Skilled work" is nothing but work vitalized by fine brain.

To the end of time the artist will be worth more than the artisan, the artisan will be worth more than the laborer, and the laborer will be worth more than the drudge.

It is unconscious skill and excellence that win.

Men that fill our houses with conveniences, with comforts, with various instruments by which our time is redeemed to higher and nobler uses, men that make implements, are they not benefactors?

It is not work that kills men, it is worry. Work is healthful, worry is rust upon the blade. Fear secretes acids, but love and trust are sweet juices.

The merchant, the mechanic, the day-laborer, bearing endless benefactions to the community, why do they not regard their labors in a higher light?

Just in proportion as you make machine-slaves—the only slaves that are fit for this world—just in that proportion you redeem the mind to greater leisure, and to a larger sphere for the moral functions of manhood.

CHARACTER.

CHARACTER, like porcelain-ware, must be painted before it is glazed. There can be no change of color after it is burned in.

Men lose wisdom just in proportion as they are conceited.

A lie is a very short wick in a very small lamp. The oil of reputation is very soon sucked up and gone. And just as soon as a man is known to lie, he is like a two-foot pump in a hundred-foot well. He can not touch bottom at all.

When the stuff that is called *men* in our day—the buyable, the bribable stuff—is washed away in the sewer, there are men who will stand, and whose names will be held in everlasting remembrance.

A man rotten in heart, ragged in morals, deceitful in his ways, full of all manner of verminous immoralities—base, loathsome men—may have prosperity for a moment, but can not, until God is forsworn, be happy or enduring.

A man's reputation sometimes is as wide as the horizon, when his character is no bigger than the point of a needle. Character is what a man really *is*, reputation is what men believe him to be.

There are many men who, when they wish to measure their own girth, measure all that they own, and call that I, as if one should weigh all the chaff that grows in his wheat-field and call it wheat.

A man's reputation always tracks him and follows him; and, if it is in him to be dishonest, it is in other people to know it.

What a man is, you would not suspect from what you see of him here. Our summer is too short and too cold for ripening. Men may blossom on the earth, but do not bear ripe fruit, at any rate, of their higher attributes.

It is a mark of true nobility for a young man to go into the city and be introduced, it may be, into his employer's family, and to stand up, without blushing, in his plain home-made coat, and say, "I can not afford anything better."

There is no such sculpture as that of character.

A man should first think of his character and then of his condition. Character will draw after it condition.

The epitaph of the covetous man, as given in Jeremiah, is, "He is buried with the burial of an ass" (Jeremiah xxii, 19).

To the covetous man life is a nightmare, and God lets him wrestle with it as best he may.

The greedy man says the chief end of man is to glorify *gold*, and to enjoy it forever.

Thorough selfishness destroys or paralyzes enjoyment. A heart made selfish by the contest for wealth is like a citadel stormed in war, utterly shattered.

As any one of the better feelings becomes predominant over the others, men feel that character is growing lovely, attractive, admirable, as they say. And these are only step-stone words that bring us to the last one—beautiful.

A good character, good habits, and iron industry are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill-luck that fools ever dreamed of.

Never deliberate on your word when given, but let it go as the arrow goes to the target—let it strike and stand.

Nothing is so much in demand as simple untemptability in men—men held by the fear of God and by the love of rectitude to that which is right.

Sterling sense and industry and integrity are better a thousand times in the hard work of living than the brilliance of wit or the glamour of genius.

It is impossible to indulge in habitual severity of opinion upon our fellow-men, without injuring the tenderness and delicacy of our own feelings.

The cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness, and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game.

Men want to build themselves as carpenters build bureaus, using pine for the whole substance of it, and a little thin veneering for a finish to make it look beautiful.

There are numberless men whose consciences have rotted, from circumference to core, and yet the skin is fair and tempting.

Self-conceited men may be sharp, acute, pungent—they may have spear-like force of character, but they are never broad and round, never of full-proportioned manhood.

Before men we are as opaque bee-hives: they can not see our thoughts working within us. Before God we are as glass bee-hives.

Man's most central and radical ideas must be Godward before he will be headed right and sailing heavenward.

* Many a mourner over a wasted life may yet be shown that he was fruitful of good when he knew it not.

No man can live in God's government with selfishness without being a traitor.

There is no sight more beautiful than a character which has been steadfastly growing in every direction, and has come to old age rich and ripe.

There is no uncentered character anywhere. There is a point in every man's character which rules, and to which everything is brought for comparison and settlement.

A mean man, though he has a crown on, is vulgar, and a pauper with a king's soul in him is royal.

To be a self-centered individual, plenary in reason and in moral sense, is to be like God.

Excess in youth in regard to animal indulgence is bankruptcy in old age.

The character of worldly men is shaped by the influence of the love of property, of power, of influence, of praise, and the love of animal indulgence—not by the right, the true, the noble.

Our characters are dressed for inspection, as apples are when they are sent to market. There are all sorts in the middle of the barrel, and the best ones are put on the top to face off with.

Many men are square-built, conscience-framed men, harsh and unlovely. Conscience without love is like a skeleton without flesh.

To make conscience tolerable, love should be thrown around it. Conscience is the frame of character, and love is the covering for it.

Pride is essential to a noble character, and the love of praise is one of the civilizing elements; these influences conjoined under right directions and inspirations tend to ennoble, to soften, to sweeten, and to beautify human nature.

Whenever a man stands on integrity and truth in the midst of men who are dishonest and knavish, he is the natural judge of those men, and God's appointed superior to them.

Quality and power of emotion are the noblest elements of character; and reason and knowledge and experience work to and for that which is the essential being, namely, emotion, out of which comes disposition.

Good-nature is often a mere matter of health. With good digestion, you are apt to be good-natured; with bad digestion, you are morose.

The sweeping-machines of New York city leave the streets clean behind them by gathering up and carrying off, in their own bellies, the dust and the dirt. But multitudes of men there are that are full of dust and dirt collected from the streets, and yet leave everything foul behind them.

THE WORLD.

THERE have been human hearts constituted just like ours for six thousand years. The head learns new things, but the heart for evermore practices old experiences.

If a man is odious in society, he might as well be in prison. The worst prisons are not of stone; they are of throbbing hearts, outraged by an infamous life.

In this world it is not what we *take* up, but what we *give* up, that makes us rich.

In this world, full often, our joys are only the tender shadows which our sorrows cast.

One man's heart beating against yours may be little to you; but when it is the echo of a thousand hearts, you can not resist it. Private opinion is weak, but public opinion is almost omnipotent.

As long as God lives, and is what he is—"the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort"—so long this world is not going to rack and ruin.

The world never let a man bless it but it first fought him; it never let him give it a boon without first giving him a buffet.

It is a bad plan to keep by yourself too much. A man never went into the wilderness in this world that the devil did not go with him.

Nothing is finished in this world. Every step is a preparation for the next.

This is a very good world for the purposes for which it was built; and that is all anything is good for.

Nothing makes the world so precious, so little barren, and so rich, nothing so takes away its sordidness, as the knowledge of God's solicitude concerning it, and his care over it.

As wounded wolves are said to be turned upon by the rest of the pack and torn to pieces, so men that have done wrong are turned upon and cast down, and rent and torn, by the rest of the community.

This world is magnificent for strangers and pilgrims, but miserable for residents.

We are forged like a sword in this world, to be used hereafter.

The world is a great, rattling manufactory. Our life is in the loom ; it rolls up and is hidden as fast as it is woven. It is to be taken out of the loom only when we leave this world ; then only shall we see the pattern.

The world has become very much like a treadmill. Formerly the wheel revolved so slowly that men could keep step, the laziest of them ; but the great world now whirls round so fast that a man must run or drag.

If one's heart rubs only against books, it gets rusty and dry. We need to magnetize our hearts with living hearts and real feelings. Break bread often with common people.

As long as society is absolutely divided as milk is, the cream being at the top and the impoverished milk at the bottom, so long will society be unbalanced, and liable to be thrown into convulsions out of which will spring wars. A circulation throughout keeps it in health.

In every score of men there are nine or ten who are weak, who need to be helped, whose life will fail if it is not crutched up, and who are largely dependent on their social surroundings for what they are.

In time and history we have seen the worst. Taking the world as a whole, it is rising, and is to rise.

Few men who have come to gray hairs utter any such nonsense as that this world is good enough for them.

There is a specialty of work in the world for each man. But the man must search for it, for it will not hunt for the man.

The sweetest and most generous natures are the ones in greatest danger of becoming soured through the ingratitude of the world.

The world is God's journal wherein he writes his thoughts and traces his tastes.

Men are not put into this world to be everlastingly played on by the harping fingers of joy.

The undertone of human society is sad, as the sound of the ocean.

This is a good grinding world, a good sharpening world, a good stimulating world. It is not a restful world.

This is a good world to sin in ; but, so far as men are concerned, it is a very hard world to repent in. It is a bitter world ; it is a cruel world.

In nations like our own there are, at the bottom of society, elements which are as savage as any to be found among savage nations. The stratum next above this is composed of people that are as much barbarians as any on the globe ; and the next above are as much semi-civilized as the inhabitants of China ; above these are a civilized class, and still above are a class that are spiritual.

If it were not for God, the world would be like a menagerie broken loose, whose keeper had gone home.

God administers over this world for the education and up-building of the race; and for this end has harnessed the world in laws, which are appointed to be the paths along which men's feet shall walk easily : laws give us wings that we could have in no other way.

This world is not swinging away in a crazy surge, bumping and blundering through an ocean of time. It has a voyage. It has a destiny and a glorious harbor.

The bottom of society wages clandestine war with the top, throwing up mire and dirt.

SUCCESS.

SELFISH prosperity makes a man a vortex rather than a fountain · instead of throwing out, he learns only to draw in.

Success is full of promise till men get it, and then it seems like a nest from which the bird has flown.

Not that which men do worthily, but that which they do successfully, is what history makes haste to record.

There are prosperous people who use the whole of society as a cluster to be squeezed into their cup.

God does a more wonderful thing when he holds all your faculties in such nice adjustment and perfect play that you win success, than if he had wrought that success himself by a miracle.

It is the serpent-maxim that success atones for all faults.

You can not succeed in life by spasmodic jerks. You can not win confidence, nor earn friendship, nor gain influence, nor attain skill, nor reach position, by violent snatches.

A man may be superficially successful all his life long, and die hollow and worthless as a puff-ball.

It is not the going out of port, but the coming in, that determines the success of a voyage.

The prizes in this world are placed where those men shall get them who, by opening and educating their powers, seek them.

There are ten men that can succeed in the country where there is one that can succeed in the city.

It is defeat that turns bone to flint, gristle to muscle, and makes men invincible. One is never so near victory as when defeated in a good cause.

No man is prosperous whose immortality is forfeited. No man is rich to whom the grave brings eternal bankruptcy.

Always reason up, never down. Give the greater advantage to the moral element, benevolence, conscience, humanity. The broader the pattern a man is made upon, the better can he control the elements of success.

The law of success in the brute world, by which strength always wins and weakness is always compelled to yield, is the reverse of the law of the spiritual kingdom.

So dependent is success upon patient industry, that he who seeks it otherwise tempts his own ruin.

Human life takes care of the successful, the divine government takes care of the unsuccessful. If men crown the eminent, God crowns the lowly.

Success surely comes with conscience in the long run, other things being equal. Capacity and fidelity are commercially profitable qualities.

Men's best successes come after their disappointments.

Poverty runs down-hill and settles in the low places, while wealth can go up to the hill-top and select its own position.

HUMAN LIFE.

THE civilization and the power of a people are measured by the amount of moral cerebral excitement which they can generate.

It is not merely cruelty that leads men to love war, it is excitement. It is not merely excitement, it is the excitement that discloses to them depths of power and averages of manhood far more in certain cases than belong to ordinary avocations in peace.

There are nowhere such inexhaustible resources of excitement, wholesome in their kind, enduring without wasting men, as in the higher moral sentiments.

A man can live forty years, and never be out from great excitement, and yet sleep well, and think well, and digest well, and be wholly healthy, if there is no malign element in it.

Low measures of feeling are better than ecstasies for ordinary life. God sends his rains in gentle drops, else flowers would be beaten to pieces.

There is always somebody to believe in any one who is uppermost.

God sends experience to paint men's portraits.

There are people who will be good-natured to all others about them, if there be some single person on whom they may vent their peevishness. Otherwise, for want of a chimney, they will fill the room with smoke.

In this life, men are yet in thumb-pots, as it were, shifted from shelf to shelf by the gardener, preparatory to the coming summer, when they are to be turned out into the open field and garden.

It is not the trumpeters that fight the battles—though you would think so to hear them!—not the men of loudest proclamations that shall stand highest in the world that is to come.

There is much in life that is easily overcome, if there be a positive and steadfast resistance to it. But, if we are languid and pulseless, we become a prey to it.

Our life should perpetually speak of generosities and magnanimities, as a band of music speaks sweet notes, spreading them far out through the air.

Our faults are shot at us as bombs are shot at forts. Men explode their advice hatefully, and wonder at our want of meekness.

One has not strength to look constantly upon the dark side of human nature. It would turn him sour and bitter.

Discouragement is a mephitic gas which, if long continued, strikes the vital parts and destroys life.

Blessed be mirthfulness ! It is one of the renovators of the world. Men will let you abuse them if only you will make them laugh.

Life owes you, in common with all others, just as much fruit, and no more, than climbing, you can bring down.

There is nothing in this world so intolerable as the doing everything on purpose.

The soft, gentle natures are often the hardest to be subdued. They yield and fly back.

Life is a succession of zigzags, but a man pursues a straight enough voyage who reaches his definite purpose in the end.

Our life touches concord only once in a while ; all the rest of the time it plays monochords or discords.

Human life is one vast *Campagna*, and there are in the atmosphere around men silent, corrupting forces, of which they are quite unconscious, as persons are of malaria.

We are all painting pictures in the dark. Oh, this painting in the dark ! What is to be revealed when the light comes ?

It is the passions that wear, the appetites that grind out the force of life. Excitement in the higher realm of feeling does not wear men out or waste them. The moral sentiments nourish and feed men.

All the frescoes upon the Vatican are not so wonderful as those which our experience paints upon single days—that move on the horizon, sink, and disappear.

Activity with mistakes is better than indolence without mistakes.

There is no such moderation anywhere on earth as in an ice-house. Things are never disturbed there.

There is in human life very little spiritual inspiration; very little that men can get from each other; very little that they can get from society; very little that they can get from laws and institutions. Its source is above us.

There is one thing that will not bear looking into, unless a man has a heart of philosophy (or a heart of stone), and that is human life.

It is hard for a man to take the ideals of honor, and truth, and rectitude, and plow through life with them. It will breed conflicts with himself and with all others.

Nobody comes into life with a trade in his hand, but with a hand fitted to learn a trade. Nobody comes into life with a philosophy in his head, but with a head that needs to learn philosophy.

Human life is God's outer church. Its needs and urgencies are priests and pastors.

A door that seems to stand open must be of a man's size, or it is not the door that Providence means for him.

Life loves variety ; God loves variety ; and men do, when young and natural. The priest and the ruler run to fixed forms.

The events of life contain in them the letters of God's will to individuals.

Events are often like chestnut-burrs. If you give them a little frost, the burrs will open and show the inside to be a great deal better than the outside.

The petty moths of perpetual fretfulness, moroseness, sourness, fribbles of temper, cut the threads of life.

What the mother sings to the cradle goes all the way down to the coffin.

Every development in human life should have its saccharine fermentation—enthusiasm.

Life is a series of developments, one upon another, rising higher and higher, the superior stage perfectly comprehending the inferior, but the inferior stages never understanding the superior.

The divinest and noblest inspiration of life is that with every coming of the morning comes God ; with every going down of the sun God does not depart. He abides in the heaven and on the earth.

Socially we are woven into the fabric of society, where every man is like one thread in a piece of cloth. No single thread has a right to say, "I will stay here no longer," and draw out. No man has a right to make a hole in the well-woven fabric of society.

To array a man's will against his sickness is the supreme art of medicine.

POLITICAL.

OUR government is built upon the vote. But votes that are purchasable are quicksands, and a government built on them stands upon corruption and revolution.

Aspiration for independence, ambition of social equality, and a determination that love shall work out for his children a better lot than their father had—these are mainly the causes of that pertinacious industry, that restless enterprise, that almost fierce economy, which has made the name of *Yankee* anything but complimentary.

Truth, honor, purity, reverence, fidelity, industry, frugality, temperance, moderation, charity, and kindness are political elements, without which politics and national life can not exist, and the state by schools should educate its citizens in fundamental morality.

You never can develop men and bring them up from savage or barbarous conditions except by those energies by which property is developed, and by that leisure which property gives.

The mischiefs of anarchy have been equaled by the mischiefs of government.

The rod of public sentiment makes many men cowards. There is no help greater, when it is rightly administered, than public opinion; and there is nothing that makes more cowards and feeble men than public opinion.

The want of moral culture invites oppression and necessitates it, and it is for men to choose whether they will govern themselves or be governed.

The Yankee grubs and grinds; the Yankee pinches his coin with a finger scarcely less forcible than the die that stamped it; but builds colleges, founds academies, beautifies villages, and establishes the economies that make the state rich. Stingy to himself, but bountiful to the commonwealth.

In its intense individualism, in its real personal democratic spirit, in its deep moral force, and, above all, in its household life, New England is pre-eminently Hebraistic.

It usually takes a hundred years to make a law, and then, after it has done its work, it usually takes a hundred years to get rid of it.

The Saxon stock always ran toward republicanism; the French stock, the Italian stock, the Spanish stock, all ran toward monarchism.

Take all the robes of all the good judges that have ever lived on the face of the earth, and they would not be large enough to cover the iniquity of one corrupt judge.

Public men are bees working in a glass hive; and curious spectators enjoy themselves in watching every secret movement, as if it were a study in natural history.

It is a terrible state of things when judges walk upon gold in securing place, and then sit upon gold in the judgment-seat.

The nation's armor of defense against the passions of men is the Constitution. Take that away, and the nation goes down into the field of its conflicts like a warrior without armor.

The history of the gospel has been a history of the development of Christian democratic ideas.

In the United States the sympathy goes with the Government and not with the governing, as in other countries it goes with the governing and not with the governed.

Plutocracy is to be the dangerous aristocracy of the future.

As ignorance disappears, so disappear absolute monarchies; and, as ignorance comes back, so inevitably come back monarchies.

There is no right more universal and more sacred, because lying so near to the root of existence, than the right of men to their own labor.

Political dishonesty in voters runs into general dishonesty, as a rotten speck taints the whole apple.

The grossest, the cruelest, the most selfish, the most easily pervertible and perverted thing in this world, is government.

Armies are said to be cruel, and they are cruel. The only crueler thing than an army is a nation that has no army, and is uncivilized, savage, and beastly.

The decay of civil institutions begins at the core.

Whether a government with a crown or a ballot-box, it is a human device just as much as husbandry is, and just as much as the mechanic arts are. So also is it with the Church and all the ordinances of the Church. They are divine; but so is every wise device of mankind.

The history of governments through the ages is a history red—nay, lurid. Law represents the effort of men to organize society ; governments, the efforts of selfishness to overthrow liberty.

Nations are to-day just what, in feudal times, barons' castles were—armed against invasion day and night, and all the time.

Laws are not masters but servants, and he rules them who obeys them.

There are not more meshes in a net than there are in the administration of human justice.

A republican government in a hundred points is weaker than an autocratic government ; but in this one point it is the strongest that ever existed—it has educated a race of men that *are* men.

As nations grow better, they become profuse, and have the means of being so.

The law of life is, that men, as they develop skill, can not afford to work cheaply. Nothing can work cheaply except that which *is* cheap.

The law is a battery, which protects all that is behind it, but sweeps with destruction all that is outside.

Natural aristocracy is the eminence of men over their fellows in real mind and soul.

The scepter and the gag go together the world over.

There is no part of government which can not better suffer derangement than the ballot. If you strike the ballot with disease, it is heart-disease.

When good men combine to expel monsters, monsters will combine to destroy good men ; and when it comes to revolution, bad men are apt to have the advantage.

We have much to fear from great corporated, moneyed institutions. We are to-day more in danger from organized money than ever we were from slavery. And the battle of the future is going to be a battle with Mammon.

What counterfeiting is in commerce, what forgery is in public affairs, what treason is in government, that exactly, and in a more infamous form, is every method by which violence is done to the ballot-box.

It is not the ignorant men alone that are dangerous, but the men who neglect to use or who abuse the ballot. It is the top of society that threatens to kill us, and not the bottom only.

That can not be a healthy condition in which a few prosper and the great mass are drudges.

The worst thing in this world, next to anarchy, is government.

Put into heaven a despot, and the earth will swarm with despots.

Unless there is secular teaching in the pulpit, there never will be constitutional liberty.

The firm skull must conform to the growth of the brain, the softest mass in the whole body ; so laws and institutions must adapt themselves to the growths of the national character.

There is no calamity that can befall the exterior fabric of society so great as benumbing the national conscience, deadening the spirit of humanity, and teaching men to be contented with the degradation of mankind.

No people are so easy to govern as the intelligent, and none are so hard to govern as the ignorant.

The young and enterprising immigrants fall into this American people as drops of fresh rain fall into the ocean, and in a minute they are salt. A million men dropping into our midst do not change the color or the taste of the nation.

Every man who has the elective franchise is not a mere private citizen, but is part and parcel of that government itself.

In Europe orders of nobility withstand the plutocracy ; but wealth in the United States is dangerous, because there is nothing else so potent.

All that the wisest men have been able to devise has not been equal to the instincts of the common people in respect to all subjects belonging to the great mass of men.

The common schools bind together the people as they never can be bound together by exterior appliances. The nation must be held together by elective affinity, or else it will be disintegrated and scattered.

“The spread of democracy” is only a phrase indicating that the whole population of nations is becoming intelligent enough to exert an influence upon public policy and public affairs.

Intelligence in a commonwealth is the only condition of the stability of that commonwealth.

The minds of the common people are united in this conviction, that governments that derive their powers, not from the governed, but from the ruling class, are inexpedient and mischievous.

Christian institutions should, in spirit and in power, be competent to the wants of the lowest and of the neediest in society.

We have an order of nobility in the United States. We call it *the common people*. We believe it to be the most sublime order of nobility that the world has ever seen.

In America there is not one single element of civilization that is not made to depend, in the end, upon public opinion.

The condition of the common people always measures the position of any nation on the scale of civilization. The condition of work always measures the character of the common people.

Public sentiment is like a battery, which protects the city that is behind it, but sweeps with destruction all the plain that is before it.

A great common people built up in thrift, honor, purity, faith, and piety, express the religious ideas of an age better than can the costliest and most skillfully wrought architecture.

Learning, to be of much use, must have a tendency to spread itself among the common people.

The masses against the classes, the world over.

The universal brain is showing itself to be mightier than the class-brain. The crowned head must give way to the thinking head of the millions.

All things work for the welfare, the rights, the education, the empowering of the masses of men, or the common people.

Nothing in this country can flourish that does not belong to the whole people.

God's hand, like a sign-board, is pointing toward democracy, and saying to the nations of the earth, "This is the way: walk ye in it."

Public sentiment is to public officers what water is to the wheel of the mill.

Self-government by the whole people is the teleologic idea. The republican form of government is the noblest and the best, as it is the latest.

Sunday is the common people's great liberty-day, and they are bound to see to it that work does not come into it.

Oregon pines are three hundred feet high—how solitary their tops must be!—but they start from the same place that the moss does.

Christ spoke most of the masses clinging to the edge of life, and straining all their nerves to keep from slipping off.

Common things are dearer to Christ than the refined and exclusive evolvments of culture.

When a nation's young men are conservative, its funeral-bell is already rung.

The man that can thunder one moment, and shed tears the next; the man that knows how to be gentle and sweet, that stands up for the truth and is patient, who is not embittered—he is the true reformer.

The longer anything is to endure, the longer it is apt to be in being organized.

Every American citizen is by birth a sworn officer of state. Every man is a policeman.

Next to the obligations which men owe to God in spiritual religion, are those which they owe to the state in civil matters. Men are bound to keep the state right and pure, and the administration of it true.

Every man owes himself to the state, and all his powers, to be held according to the law of gospel benevolence for the public good.

The mere fact of laws and institutions, which are but clasps, and bands, and instruments, does not change the fact that the state means men, not machinery.

It is not so much what the hand does as what the hand has in it of reserved force to do, that makes the capable man and the enduring state.

No craven-hearted man was ever fit to be a citizen. Courage is the source of patriotism.

Civilization means the recession of passional and material life, and the development of social and moral life. Reason is but the instrument by which this work is accomplished.

The real democratic American idea is, not that every man shall be on a level with every other man, but that every man shall have liberty to be what God made him, without hindrance.

There is nothing in the world harder to take, unless one is born again, than democracy ; for it is essentially the seeing of God in men.

A man without a vote is in this land like a man without a hand.

LIBERTY.

LIBERTY is the soul's right to breathe, and, when it can not take a long breath, laws are girdled too tight. Without liberty man is in a syncope.

There are multitudes of persons whose idea of liberty is the right to do what they please, instead of the right of doing that which is lawful and best.

God has given to men the great truths of liberty and equality, which are like mothers' breasts, carrying food for ages.

No tyranny ought to be endured which makes free speech dangerous.

The literature of England has been a fountain of liberty to Europe and the world.

Every time an iron muscle is invented, it gives emancipation to human muscle.

Free speech is to a great people what winds are to oceans and malarial regions, which waft away the germs of disease, and bring new elements of health.

Liberty comes with Christianity, because Christianity develops and strengthens the mass of men.

There is no liberty to men whose passions are stronger than their religious feelings; there is no liberty to men in whom ignorance predominates over knowledge; there is no liberty to men who know not how to govern themselves.

When you have augmented the individual power of the race, you have destroyed the throne and the tyrant.

The tidal wave of God's providence is carrying liberty throughout the globe.

Make men large and strong, and tyranny will bankrupt itself in making shackles for them.

WEALTH.

It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich or poor according to what he *is*, not according to what he *has*.

Men cheerfully give half their life—coiling it in every way, tying it in all manner of knots, sending it as an arrow, swinging it as the hammer swings on the anvil—for a little property.

What one gets for nothing is the least value of anything. What one earns is all value.

Riches are not an end of life but an instrument of life.

Avarice grinds a man like emery.

Old, corrugated wretches may be seen who have spent their whole lives in the violation of faith and trust, and, hateful and hating, have made themselves rich at last, to die as a viper dies that stings itself.

A man can no more make money suddenly and largely, and be unharmed by it, than one could suddenly grow from a child's stature to a man's without harm.

Money is like snow. If it is blown into drifts, it blocks up the highway, and nobody can travel; but, if it is diffused over all the ground, it facilitates every man's travel.

Individual men can prosper without wealth, but communities can not. Wealth may not produce civilization, but civilization produces money.

Communities are blest in the proportion in which money is diffused through the whole range of population.

Money in the hands of one or two men is like a dung-heap in a barn-yard. So long as it lies in a mass, it does no good; but, if it is only spread out evenly on the land, everything will grow.

In the long run, the reason why men who are rich are honored is, that their riches stand for integrity, for skill, for moral and social excellence. Wealth is generically the exponent of these qualities in men.

Ten men go crazy after money where one man goes crazy in religious excitements.

There is nothing in this world so hideous as costly apparel so worn that men may not know that a beggar's bones are carried under it.

As the cream abandons the milk from which it took its life, and rises to the top and rides there, so men, because they are richer than those around about them, separate themselves, and all mankind below them they regard as skim-milk.

The having of riches is not so much to be desired as the not having poverty. It is what riches cut off as well as what they add that constitutes much of their value.

The production of wealth has been the divine civilizer. Earning is often better for man than using.

A rich man's pocket ought to be like an old-fashioned well with two buckets—one constantly coming up full, the other constantly going down to get full.

Men who have riches should be patriotic and honor the government that protects them. Every just and good man who has money ought to call the tax-paying day his thanksgiving-day.

Nowhere else does wealth so directly point toward virtue in morality and spirituality in religion as in America.

The "upper class," as they style themselves, are the flies of humanity; the world would be benefited if some great fan could sweep them from the world.

It is money that is working that keeps bright, and it is money that is working that keeps men bright.

No community can develop into permanent civilization unless it has power ministered to it very largely through the civilizing influences of wealth.

If it were not for the holes in the pocket, we should all be rich. A pocket is like a cistern, a small leak at the bottom is worse than a large pump at the top.

The conscience of stock-dealers needs quinine.

A man who deliberately proposes to gain wealth without earning it by some substantial equivalent rendered to the community, is a thief.

Softness of ease, luxuries, scope and power of wealth, are as deadly enemies as can intrench the heart, unless we extract the quality of selfishness from them.

No nation can bear wealth that is not intelligent first.

Where God has given a man wealth, and where he has more money than is required for the necessities of life, he is bound to live better than he otherwise could.

A man's wealth is like the snow-houses the boys built in the olden time on high drifts. No sooner had the sun come forth than the houses melted, and the foundations slipped from under them.

Property must be the product of human intelligence to give it value. All property has brains in it.

The first element that required the development of property was hunger. A man's stomach says to him, "Go to work!"

To develop even the lower forms of property requires thought and brain.

Men should build fine houses, and have them well proportioned ; they should have beautiful furniture, and beautiful men and women should use them. It is not selfish.

A man has a right to a large installment of the property he has raised around himself.

If a man should give all his money to the heathen, in a year or two he would be a heathen himself.

Some of God's noblest sons will be taken from those who know how to take wealth with all its temptations, and maintain godliness therewith.

Our dangerous class is not at the bottom, it is near the top, of society. Riches without law are more dangerous than is poverty without law.

Through the directories of two or three railroads the money power of America may set at defiance all control, and dictate to Legislatures the laws, and to the people their policies.

Wealth held by a class and used ambitiously becomes as despotic as an absolute monarchy, and has in its hands manners, customs, laws, institutions, and governments themselves.

Wealth under Divine Providence is a great economic power for civilizing nations.

Poverty is very good in poems, but it is very bad in a house. It is very good in maxims and in sermons, but it is very bad in practical life.

If you build riches, take care : there must be in the firm one other name—God.

Almost every evil which environs the path to wealth springs from that criminal haste which substitutes adroitness for industry, and trick for toil.

Men like money, but they do not care for those who scrape it together. A man that is a mere muck-rake has nothing in him that men want to remember.

No man amasses riches which stay with him, who does not do it by the exercise of sterling qualities.

Self-culture and refinement are right, but do not build your banqueting-hall so that you can not see the beggar full of sores who lies at your door.

It is a duty to be rich, if God has armed a man with the faculties of wealth-making—with the power of amassing property.

Wealth in activity—capital with all its friction—is far safer than invested wealth lying dead.

God when he created riches did not let it go single. He married it, and Care is the husband. Since the world began, there has been a wedding between Care and Riches.

The man who has that ethereal digestion by which to convert coarse to fine, bitter to sweet, acid to sugar—he is the man that is rich. He is the man who owns all things and everybody.

There is no enmity between riches and God : he made them.

Wealth created without spot or blemish is an honest man's peerage, and to be proud of it is his right.

THE POOR.

A CHRISTIANITY which will not help those who are struggling from the bottom to the top of society, needs another Christ to die for it.

The two poorest men in the world are buckled together at the opposite sides of the circle. The man who has so much money that he does not know what to do with it and the man who has no money at all touch each other, as you will find; and one is about as poor as the other.

Poverty is never by the *grace of God* in the estimation of a New-Englander. It comes to him by post from the other direction.

You will seldom find in New England a saint in a ragged coat and with clouted shoes. It is contrary to the drift of centuries of teaching.

Inventions and mechanic arts are not working half so much for the rich, the strong, and the wise, as they are for the poor, the weak, and the ignorant.

The poor man with industry is happier than the rich man in idleness; for labor makes the one more manly, and riches unman the other.

When Christianity gives to the poor, it is bound to give them the best it has.

God dips the pen of the recording angel very near to the mud-puddle. God selects the white linen of many a saint very near to rags. God selects the gold out of which he will build the pavement of the hereafter very near to the filth and the dirt of this world.

God's disposition and government take in the great under-class of men.

You can not sift out the poor from the community. The poor are indispensable to the rich.

In former times they built cathedrals, and let men live in mud hovels. We build no cathedrals, and our poor men live in good houses.

The poorest and the least of mankind are being swept on in the current of the Gulf Stream of divine love and mercy.

THE PRESS.

To be calm, to be just, and then, without fear or favor, discriminatingly but intensely to mark and brand iniquity, and to defend, on the other hand, righteousness and virtue—this is to make a newspaper a sublime power over the community.

The most efficacious secular book that ever was published in America is the newspaper.

Men are covered over with papers, novels, and books, as fences are covered with vines and weeds.

A man is bound to have a knowledge of current events, which no man can have who does not read the newspapers.

Newspapers are the schoolmasters of the common people. That endless book, the newspaper, is our national glory.

Newspapers are to the body politic what arteries are to the human body, their function being to carry blood and sustenance and repair to every part of the body.

The newspaper is a greater treasure to the people than uncounted millions of gold.

The newspaper is one of those divine developments in Providence which characterize the present age, and with all its weaknesses and imperfections is an unmeasured blessing.

It is necessary, if one would read aright, that he should read at least two newspapers, representing both sides of important subjects.

The advertisements in a newspaper are more full of knowledge in respect to what is going on in a state or community than the editorial columns are.

Never skip the market reports, the shipping news, or the advertisements in a newspaper. Read them, even if your business does not require it.

All that is vital, and manly, and progressive, can be found out by a judicious use of the newspapers day by day.

Nowhere else can one find so miscellaneous, so various, an amount of knowledge as is contained in a good newspaper.

Reading is a dissuasion from immorality. Reading stands in the place of company.

A book is a garden ; a book is an orchard ; a book is a storehouse ; a book is a party. It is company by the way ; it is a counselor ; it is a multitude of counselors.

EDUCATION.

ANY system of public education that will be strong enough to take care of the poorest and the most difficult to reach, will be strong enough to take care of the intelligent classes.

If we are ever to have common schools that shall enlist the enthusiasm of the community, they must be ample enough, and beautiful enough, and airy enough, and wholesome enough, to command the approbation of science, and of all who have to do with them.

Every city should make the common school so rich, so large, so ample, so beautiful in its endowments, and so fruitful in its results, that a private school will not be able to live under the drip of it.

In the education of the community there is mother-work, there is church-work, and there is common-school work.

A child is not educated who has not physical education, social education, intellectual education, industrial education, professional education, and spiritual education.

A people uneducated is like an iron mountain whose ore is unwrought.

For common purposes it is no more necessary that a man should know three or four languages than that a pump should have three or four nozzles, when there is not any more water than can go through one.

Never read the original if you can get a good translation.

Men must read for amusement as well as for knowledge.

By those innumerable jack-screws which have been laid under the sills of the nation, and which we are perpetually turning—the common schools—we are steadily lifting the whole nation from the foundation, and this is far better than the higher education of the few.

Men are like trees : each one must put forth the leaf that is created in him.

Education is only like good culture—it changes the size, but not the sort.

College learning is very much like snow ; and the more a man has of it the less can the soil produce. It's not till practical life melts it that the ground yields anything.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE Church has been so fearful of amusements that the devil has had the care of them.

Gambling with cards, or dice, or stocks, is all one thing—it is getting money without giving an equivalent for it.

Life is full of amusement to an amusing man. Fortunate is he who has this faculty. It is more blessed than a garment in cold weather.

There is nothing that so covers the nerves, nothing that so tempers passion and anger, nothing that is such a natural cure for discontent, nothing that brings men to such a level, and creates such fellowship, as the divine spirit of mirth.

A game of cards is as innocent as a game of checkers ; but, if you sit and play a game of cards, you may give young people of loose instruction and narrow views the impression that if they may play cards they may gamble and drink wine, and give way to dissipation in a multitude of ways.

Merchants, business men, lawyers, ministers, all sorts of toiling and laboring men, have too little relaxation.

Do not be afraid because the community teems with excitement. Silence and death are dreadful.

The theatre is the door to all kinds of iniquity.

To be infected with each particular vice in the catalogue of depravity, one need go to the theatre.

It is the very art and education of vice to make itself attractive to the young.

As crows flock to a corn-field and vultures to their prey, as flies to summer sweet, so to the annual races flow the whole tribe of gamesters and pleasure-lovers.

Hell is populated with the victims of harmless amusements.

A gamester, as such, is the cool, calculating, essential spirit of concentrated, avaricious selfishness.

There is an appetite of the eye, of the ear, and of every sense, for which God has provided the material.

Gayety of every degree, this side of puerile levity, is wholesome to the body, to the mind, and to the morals.

Nature is a vast repository of manly enjoyments.

God has made provision in nature, in society, and in the family for amusement and exhilaration enough to fill the heart with the perpetual sunshine of delight.

The men who provide the popular amusements which delight the sensual feelings are, the world over, corrupters of youth.

It is astonishing how little the influence of those professions has been considered which exert themselves mainly to delight the sensual feelings of men.

The whole race of men, whose camp is the theatre, the circus, the turf, or the gaming-table, is a race whose instinct is destruction, who live to corrupt, and live off of the corruption which they make.

The theatre was disgraceful even among the heathen nations, and has come down with perpetual dishonor on its head.

A contest for rearing the best roses is better than one of rearing the best horses. One might rather be vain of the best tulip, dahlia, ranunculus, than of the best shot.

Children are more apt to be drawn into vice and dissipation by dull and stupid sobriety than by innocent gayety.

THE FAMILY.

ANY feeling that takes a man away from his home is a traitor to the household.

God's church is God's house, and God's house is our home ; and a Christian's home ought to be bright, cheerful, and happy.

Nowhere can a man get real root-room, and spread out his branches till they touch the morning and the evening, but in his own house.

A childless man is like a loose engine in a ship. A man must be bolted and screwed to the community before he can work well for its advancement ; and there are no such screws and bolts as children.

American patriotism must be a household virtue. The civilizing center of modern America must be home and the family.

God never gives us the light which our children need ; he keeps it for them.

The child lives upon its parent's life. The child which has no one to suffer for it is a miserable wretch.

A boy not trained to endure will grow up a girl ; and a boy that is a girl has all a girl's weakness without any of her regal qualities.

America owes more to the family than to any other institution. It derives more public good from it, and depends more upon it, than any other nation, for education, for virtue, and for internal defense against wasting evils.

True republican commonwealths grow out of the power which is generated only in the Christian household.

The northern races are the races of home habits.

The frost-line marks the realm of republicanism. Where men do not live in the house, summer or winter, monarchy will prevail.

It is not with the heart as it is with the purse. Society is better off where riches are not concentrated but diffused. But the heart needs concentration in the household.

Early marriages are permanent moralities, and deferred marriages are temptations to wickedness.

Woe be to that society in which the customs and the manners of the times put off, beyond the period of romance and affiancing, the wedding !

Pleasures sought away from home should be taken, as sweetmeats are, not as food, but as occasional mouthfuls.

It is solitary pleasures that demoralize men. It is solitary enjoyment out of the family that corrupts the household. The family should seek its outside pleasures together.

In a loving Christian family, which is the true type of a generous commonwealth, all things gravitate to the cradle.

Ordinarily, children are very much what their parents make them.

Many and many a parent will rise up in amazement in the last day to hear the Judge declare, "The ruin of your child I lay at your door !"

When a child is born into the world, God draws his hand out from near to his own heart, and lends something of himself to the parent, and says, "Keep it till I come."

It should never be forgotten that our servants are just like us in conscience, sympathy, love, hope, ambition, pride, and frequently in delicacy of feeling.

Home should be an oratorio of the memory, singing to all our after life melodies and harmonies of old remembered joy.

No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to buy them.

In this great whirligig of a world, there is nothing stranger than the mating and mismating of men and women.

When the word "home" is spoken, it is as though a bee-hive were struck, and a thousand bees had begun to buzz and hum music in the mind.

There is nothing more refined or fuller of sweet suggestion than the table, which signifies the blessings of the household.

The cradle empty blesses us more than the cradle full.

God has been represented to us chiefly in the Bible, not by Nature, not by civil governments, but by the domestic relations of men in the family.

We never know the love of our parents for us till we have become parents.

A man never has good luck who has a bad wife.

To make the destruction of a child sure, give him unwatched liberty after dark.

No young person should consider it an advantage to get rid of parental supervision and care. No one ever finds another friend who has borne as much for him, or done as much for him, as his father or mother.

The family is the true church; the best expounder of the truths of Christianity.

Birds finish the nest with their own breast, so it is the bosom that makes the home, and not the bill or the claw.

The law of the household, the law of association, must be kindness.

The woman that sings hymns over the cradle that her child may learn the eternal songs of heaven, is doing a higher work than if she were like Jenny Lind, and sang on the concert stage.

Power comes with the passions — with the basilar faculties. A child is to be trained in them, and then they will not be dangerous.

In family government men govern that they may be done governing just as soon as they can.

A true Christian woman administering in the household presents the best conception of moral government, of mediatorial work, of atoning love, possible to be presented on earth.

Of all creatures, there is not one that has a better right to be a hedgehog than a hedgehog, but he is not a good neighbor, he is not a pleasant bosom-companion. Man should not be like this hedgehog.

The great treasures of a dwelling are, the child's cradle, the grandmother's chair, the hearth and old-fashioned fireplace, the table, and the window.

There is in youth a purity of character which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored; a fringe more delicate than frost-work, and which, when torn and broken, can never be re-embroidered.

In the family, happiness is in the ratio in which each is serving the others, seeking one another's good, and bearing one another's burdens.

A man's house ought to be a magazine of kindness.

The very poorest benefit a man can confer upon his wife and children is to make them outwardly rich, and inwardly disgraced, by a course which he would not like to talk about, or have them talk about.

Blessed is the household which makes every child feel that something of the prosperity of the family depends upon its industry.

Every family goes through drill and does not know what God is doing with it.

The most wonderful book that could be written would be a book written by an angel recording a faithful mother's thought from the time she first hears the cry of her child, and knows that it is born into the world.

In the family the altar is the cradle, and the greater serve the less.

To rush heedlessly into marriage, to take upon one's self all the obligations implied in it in a light-hearted spirit, is sacrilege.

When men enter into the state of marriage, they stand nearest to God.

If there be any one whose power is in beauty, in purity, in goodness, it is a woman. It is a marvel that every woman is not a Christian.

Men are not to take care of their own children alone; every man is bound to see that the community is educated.

No woman can set herself against public opinion, in favor of an immoral sport, without being herself immoral.

There is not on earth so base a knave as the man who wins the love of a woman when he knows that he can not or ought not to requite it.

There is not a street in Brooklyn in which there are not heroic women, far more heroic than those of olden times.

A woman made of a woman is God's noblest work; but a woman made of a man is his meanest work.

People may talk about the equality of the sexes! They are not equal. The silent smile of a sensible, loving woman will vanquish ten men.

Woe be to the man who has never had a sister, a wife, or a mother, who was to him a perpetual suggestion of the nobleness, the sweetness, and the delicacy of love!

The devil's broadsword in this world has often been the needle with which a woman sews to earn her daily bread. The needle has slain more than the sword of war.

Woman began at zero, and has through ages slowly unfolded and risen. Each age has protested against growth as unsexing woman.

Men might spin, and churn, and knit, and sew, and cook, and rock the cradle for a hundred generations, and not be women. And woman will not become man by external occupations. God's colors do not wash out: sex is dyed in the wool.

Woman to-day, taxed, punished, restrained in all higher industries, asks that vote which carries with it control of circumstances.

Purity, clinging love, devotion, trust, prudence, wisdom, devoutness, disinterested sympathy, are woman's regnant qualities.

The mother's heart is the child's school-room.

A true mother never lives so little in the present as when by the side of the cradle. Her thoughts follow the imagined future of her child. The old ark never made such voyage as the cradle daily makes.

With every child we lose we see deeper into life, as with every added lens we pierce farther the sky.

A mother is as different from anything else that God ever thought of, as can possibly be. She is a distinct and individual creation.

When God thought of *Mother*, he must have laughed with satisfaction, and framed it quickly—so rich, so deep, so divine, so full of soul, power and beauty was the conception!

There is no slave out of heaven like a loving woman; and, of all loving women, there is no such slave as a mother.

A mother has, perhaps, the hardest earthly lot. And yet no mother worthy of the name ever gave herself thoroughly for her child who did not feel that, after all, she reaped what she had sown.

A mother's prayers, silent and gentle, can never miss the road to the throne of all bounty.

Executors are an excellent class of men ; but, after all, each man had better be his own executor, and settle his own affairs before he goes out of life, and keep them well settled.

Some women cling to their own houses like the honeysuckle over the door, yet, like it, fill all the region with the subtile fragrance of their goodness.

Well-married, a man is winged—ill-matched, he is shackled.

A family bears to the community the relation which limbs and organs do to the human body.

Whoever makes home seem to the young dearer and more happy, is a public benefactor.

Nothing is more remote from selfishness than generous expenditure in building up a home, and enriching it with all that shall make it beautiful without and lovely within.

He that actually rears good citizens presents to the state better properties—far nobler than ample funds or costly buildings.

Few places on earth are so near to heaven as where Christian wives and mothers pray for their families.

No man is fit to keep house who is not fit to defend it with his right hand and arm, with anything that he can seize.

CHILDREN.

A BOY is a piece of existence quite separate from all things else, and deserves separate chapters in the natural history of man. The real lives of boys are yet to be written.

The piety of impossible boys is monstrous. A man's experience stuffed into a little boy is simply monstrous. The world is soundly skeptical of the whole school of juvenile *pâté-de-foie-gras* piety.

The most worthless of all persons are those lily-handed boys who have been brought up without being taught to do anything for themselves.

Boys have a period of mischief as much as they have measles or chicken-pox.

Foundlings and orphans, under public charitable charge, are more apt to become vicious than other children.

The true idea of self-restraint is to let a child venture. A child's mistakes are often better than its no-mistakes.

The experience of life shows that, while poverty has its disadvantages, moderate conditions are a thousand times more advantageous than conditions of great wealth for children.

That energy which makes a child hard to manage is the energy which afterward makes him a manager of life.

The divine spirit comes more quickly to children than to others.

Blessed are those children that learn by the hard way of life what every one must learn first or last, or go ashore a wreck—namely, self-restraint.

Where a child is urged by its mother's teaching and its mother's affection to love goodness, purity, spiritual excellence, and takes to it with all its little heart—that is conversion.

The world will never become a Christian world until the cradle is a sanctuary, and the mother a minister, and, day in and out, the child is brought up to manhood in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

If unkind and unjust words were needles and pins in some men's families, the children would be like pin-cushions, stuck completely full of them.

Children should grow up as agreeably good as thoroughly good.

There is not a neglected brat in all the purlieus of vice, there is not an uncombed, unwashed, untaught child that has not some angel heart that is pitying it in the heaven above.

Children are not to be brought up for our own pride and profit, not even for the child's own good simply, but for its citizenship in the coming world.

No orator, no singer, no artist-worker, is to be compared with the mother who is carving the image of God in the soul of her little child.

Early conversions are to be expected, but not early saintships. There is nothing more monstrous than a little five-year-old Puritan.

The lower life of every child is selfishness, and selfishness is to be taught benevolence.

The art of putting down a feeling in a child consists in the art of raising up another one that will put it down. If a child is peevish, awaken kind and benevolent feelings.

Children ought to be brought up to ask as little as possible, and to give as much as possible, to despise charity, to give an equivalent for all they receive.

The ministering angel of children is the favorite in heaven, and stands in the presence of his Sovereign, and is in power.

Every one of the traits of higher manhood in adults springs from the drill and the training which little children require and inspire.

Children are not to be taught, but to be trained: to teach a child is to give him ideas; to train him is to enable him to reduce those ideas to practice.

No willow was ever woven more easily to form a basket than children may be influenced in right ways by wise parents.

The chances are nine hundred and ninety-nine in a thousand that, if parents desire to bring up their children right, and devote themselves to fulfilling that desire, they will succeed.

Every child is born without any walk in him. Although he has feet, he can not walk. Every child is born without any work in him. He has a hand, but there is no work in it. By training, the foot and the hand are to be made capable of walking and working.

The girl who is never allowed to sew, all of whose clothes are made for her and put on till she is ten, twelve, fifteen, or eighteen years of age, is spoiled.

A child should not only be taught but trained. Training him is drilling him in what he does until he has formed the habit of doing it.

Every village in the United States has in it the worst children in the world.

In children there is the animal period, the brute period, the deceitful period, the fox period, the wolf period, the serpent period.

A man's sins not only curse him, deteriorating him, but they follow the channels of natural love, and roll over in mildew on the child. The drinking-man has a drunken babe ; and the vicious man has an enervated child ; and the man that has sucked dry the fountain of intelligence, the nervous system, has paralytic or imbecile children.

A babe is nothing but a bundle of possibilities.

Story-hunger in children is even more urgent than bread-hunger.

If every child might live the life predestined in a mother's heart, all the way from the cradle to the coffin, he would walk upon a beam of light, and shine in glory.

MORALS.

It is the nature of vice or crime that it takes away moral stamina.

A man that has not more truth, more honesty, more purity than the law requires, is scarcely fit to be ranked among our fellow-men.

One of the striking peculiarities of Christ's teaching, and the teachings of those who were inspired by him, was the unconditional requisition of moral purity. The very first step in a religious life was one of personal purification.

While sense is the source of physical or scientific knowledge, disposition is the source of the knowledge of moral truth.

The pain or pleasure of the human mind is dependent upon external condition to such a degree, that one means of reaching men, even with moral truth, is to control their physical wants.

As crimes are evils against the organized forms of society, so vices are evils against the unorganized forms of society.

Wickedness goes to great lengths and depths where it is not checked and restrained by the free and continuous expression of the indignation of good men.

The most hateful evil in the world is the evil that dresses itself in such a way that men can not hate it. The men that make wickedness beautiful are the most utterly to be hated.

If vice would make itself tolerable, it asks art to embellish it ; and, as soon as art embellishes it, then the place of orgies and dissipations, the place of boundless corruption, the place where deceits and cheatings are organized, spreads tables with munificence.

Our moral faculties must be placed highest, else they can no more flourish than could a plant growing under the shade and drip of trees.

When you see a man given to licentious indulgence, be sure that he will come to want a crust.

Spirituality without morality is rootless ; and morality without spirituality is blossomless and fruitless.

All men are full of dogs. Temper is a gnarly cur ; destructiveness is a bull-dog ; combativeness is a hound, that runs and barks and bites.

There never was a liar that had not a spot in him where he could not help admiring truth.

We have a partnership in the conduct of wicked men, unless we have exhausted proper and permissible means of forestalling and preventing it.

When men stand for a moral principle, their troubles are not a presumption that they are in the wrong.

Conscience and good-nature can work a hundred-fold faster and better than conscience alone.

The fear of doing right is the grand treason in times of danger.

The world's fight is the fight between conscience and moral purity and the animal that is in man.

If men govern the animal that is within them, on which the soul sits astride, like the rider upon his steed, then they are self-governed.

No man has a right to hide from God's battle, or to hold back his hand from the proper blow when the time calls him.

All true conflict should aim at peace. The plow is a great disturber of the spring, and yet it is the father of the sickle.

If you create a moral public sentiment, then you have a power by which to enforce moral lessons.

A man that puts himself on the ground of moral principle, if the whole world be against him, is mightier than all of them. A man ought not to fear being in minorities, so that minorities are based upon principles.

The friend instructs and elevates. The friendship of one who breathes malaria into your system, who degrades and lowers you, is foul, pernicious, deadly.

What is just is more to us as we grow older. Justice is never so slender to us as when we first practice it.

What the compass is to navigation, that is moral principle to our affairs. We need not fear shipwreck when God is the pilot.

Expedients are for the hour, but principles are for the ages.

There is not a single one of the relationships of life that could be used as the profane use the name of God, except by the most degraded of men.

The little coward oaths are feeders to profane oaths.

A man has no more right to swear in your ear than he has to insult your father and mother.

It essentially lowers a man's being to be a profane swearer ; it takes the temper out of a man's honor.

Profane swearing is the habit of using vulgarly and grossly the most sacred thoughts of the human mind.

An impure man is every good man's enemy.

The plague is mercy, the cholera is love, the deadliest fever is refreshment to man's body, in comparison with the libertine.

The wheel, the rack, the bed of knives, the roasting fire, the brazen room slowly heated, the slivers driven under the nails, the hot pincers, are nothing to the agonies of the last days of licentious vice.

The difference between cunning and wisdom is the difference between acting by the certain and immutable laws of Nature and acting by the shifts of temporary expedients.

Men who act under dishonest passions are like men riding fierce horses : they can not stop when they will, and they ride to ruin.

The mind has no kitchen to do its dirty work in while the parlor remains clean.

No one should do for another man what he would not do for himself.

A violation of moral principle can not so be dressed up as to make it other than vulgar.

It is little meannesses, selfishnesses, and impurities that steal with muffled tread, that ruin most men.

Moral law is absolutely universal, and moral penalty when law is broken is inevitable.

No man can be glowingly like an angel of truth till he has gone to school to learn how. And so in regard to honesty and purity. Men must grow up into them little by little.

Many men do not believe in allopathic stealing, but they do in homœopathic.

Some men are like lighthouses built well at the bottom and all the way up. All right, only they have no lantern, and no light—no moral faculties.

There is nothing in the world that seems so profitable as lying and stealing ; so profitable in the beginning, but so sure to be hit by God's lightning at the end.

Morality is often grace working out into a noble life-form.

Good men are not those who now and then do a good act, but men who join one good act to another. It is men the whole tendency of whose lives is the production of good things, kind things, right things.

Little lies are very dangerous, because there are so many of them, and because each one of them scours upon the character as diamond-pointed.

Honesty in man and honesty in his work is what must be secured in society, or society will never be Christianized.

The great want of society to-day is the habit of adhering to absolute truth and reliable honesty.

What are called "minor" morals are foundation morals.

Whenever men make up their minds to lie and cheat, they are food for tyrants.

If virtue consisted in *nots*, how virtuous the world might be ! Virtue is not a negative quality.

Modern civilization is based upon morals. The civilization of former times lacked a general moral basis.

While morals have followed refinement, refinement has always been the product of the imagination—an imagination that lifted the ideals of things.

Christ denounced the selfishness of culture as less excusable and more guilty than that of lust or passion.

A man that has lost moral sense is like a man in battle with both of his legs shot off : he has nothing to stand on.

Conscience and law are sworn friends. But love makes performance of right so quick and spontaneous that law is always behindhand.

Morality without spirituality has no roots. It becomes a thing of custom, changeable, transient, and optional.

Every immoderate draft which is made by the appetites and passions is so much sent forward to be cashed in old age.

You are not at liberty to execute a good plan with bad instruments.

There are crimes that, like frost on flowers, in one single night destroy character and reputation ; there are vices that, like freshets, sweep everything before them.

No man who buys or borrows and does not pay, and does not care whether he pays or not, is a gentleman, no matter how witty or gay or fine he may be.

Nothing will save a nation unless the fathers and mothers teach the boys in their families to accept the truth, and to love it ; to hate lies, and to be scrupulously honest ; and to make truth and honesty part and parcel of honor ; and to govern their appetites and passions, and to respect their neighbors.

Men believe in "sagacity," "shrewdness," which is the baptized name for cunning. They believe in avarice, which is too often called "laudable enterprise." They believe in dealing with things as they find them with "spirit," by which they mean anger.

The working plan of reformation as laid down in the Bible is that right-doing must cure wrong-doing.

All that we need to exclude us from the advantages of fruitful, enterprising industry is—not to be industrious.

You can not make any man understand a moral quality who has not had some experience in that moral quality.

TRUTH.

A LIE always needs a truth for a handle to it. The worst lies are those whose blade is false, but whose handle is true.

A man in the right, with God on his side, is in the majority, though he be alone; for God is multitudinous above all the populations of the earth.

Defeat is a school in which truth always grows strong.

Men never *make* truths; they only recognize the value of this currency of God. They find truths, as men sometimes find bills, in the street, and only recognize the value of that which other persons have drawn.

Every man that has the truth owes it to all mankind.

Thank God for books! And yet thank God that the great realm of truth lies yet outside of books, too vast to be mastered by types or imprisoned in libraries.

There is tonic in the things that men do not love to hear, and there is damnation in the things that wicked men love to hear.

The key-note of the gospel as a reformatory literature is—speaking the truth in love.

Talk living and die talking of God's truth, and make other men talk. The only risk is in reticence.

No man rides so high and in such good company as the man that allies himself to a truth that God loves and man hates.

Even a liar tells a hundred truths to one lie; he has to, to make the lie good for anything.

It is more natural for a man to tell the truth than to lie; but, it must be admitted, there is some lying going on in the world!

No man can work harmoniously with men whom he does not believe when they speak to him. We naturally exclude the untrustworthy lip. Men must be honest, at any rate among themselves.

The presumption is, that the great mass of men working together are truth-speakers. If they are not, they have to make believe that they are.

Many yet are the secret truths of God which will be unfolded as they are needed.

All truth is equilibrated. Pushing any truth out very far, you are met by a counter-truth.

Truth is the bread of a noble manhood; lies are the bad food that carries disease with it everywhere through the whole economy.

Nobody ever sees truth except in fragments.

There is nothing that science doubts so much as it does the senses. We do not yet know how to use the eye, the ear, or the hand, so that they shall be infallible.

The test of fundamental truth is its power to produce superior manhood; and the test of an orthodox church is its power to produce the most men of the largest caliber from generation to generation, transforming society and bringing up the averages.

Truth is not developed as a ripe thing. It grows as fruit grows, just as small, and green, and sour ; and it gradually ripens, just as the fruit does, and becomes fair and beautiful. We are now in the greenness of science.

TASTE.

THE French people imagine themselves to be the modern Greeks. They are—in just the same way that swallows are eagles. They have all the Greek sensuousness, but they lack the abstract reasoning which the Greeks had.

In New England is found the love of pure reason, which distinguished the Greek nation even more than its art genius.

There is nothing that a New-Englander so nearly worships as an argument.

A patch of flowers in a new country signifies kind people, clean beds, and good bread.

The plainest row of books that cloth or paper ever covered is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately carved furniture.

All virtues and graces go for nothing in a slattern.

Beauty may be said to be God's trade-mark in creation.

An apple-tree puts to shame all the men and women that have attempted to dress since the world began.

There are other kinds of hunger besides stomachic hunger. The hunger of the eye is not to be despised ; and they are to be pitied who have starvation of the eye.

Works of fiction are just as wholesome as anything else, if they are read wholesomely.

The very pins and rivets and clasps of Nature are attractive by qualities of beauty more than is necessary for mere utility.

Nothing that produces constant pleasure in us can fail to seem beautiful.

Some men may build their work in words, and live in literature ; some may shape their sense into sound, and live in the world's song.

The pen is the tongue of the hand—a silent utterer of words for the eye.

Nothing can make others so rich, without diminishing our own means, as generosity in the use of art-treasures, or materials of beauty.

There can be no high civilization where there is not ample leisure.

He who builds a home, and furnishes it so that it is a glowing center of beauty, and then administers his family so that it shall be an exemplar of virtue and culture in the community, spends his money, not on himself or his family, but on the community.

The hands of a giant upon the keys of an organ make no more music than the hands of a common man, for the sound is in the instrument, not in the hand that touches it.

There is a great artist-faculty in every single man which was meant to cast out its light so that words should be beautiful—so that all virtues should issue beautifully.

The distance between the toad and the nightingale is not greater than the distance between the matter-of-fact man and the man with a poetic nature.

BENEVOLENCE.

MEN ought to use their refinements as the silk-worm uses its web. It lives to spin it, and dies that it may yield it for others' benefit.

Thousands of men are like a wax-candle in a solitary room, which some one has lighted and placed there. It spends its whole life in burning itself out, and does good to none.

What a man himself derives from the cunning craft that he possesses, is not half so important, as it is not half so much, as what he gives by it.

All human trouble ought to roll itself on to the broadest shoulders, and not to rest on the feeble and weak shoulders.

There are men who are like the oak which stands in the night to gather dew for itself, and then, if the wind in the morning shakes it, is willing to part with the few drops that it really can not hold on to; and they call themselves benevolent!

Rich men are to bear the infirmities of the poor. Wise men are to bear the mistakes of the ignorant. Strong men are to bear with the feeble. Cultured people are to bear with rude and vulgar folks.

If a rough and coarse man meets an ecstatically fine man, and the question between them is as to which shall give preference to the other, the man that is highest up is to be the servant of the man that is lowest down.

As a watch-maker never can see a watch that is out of order that he does not feel instinctively impelled to take hold of it and put it in order, so we ought never to see a man that is rude and unformed without wanting to put our hands on him to do him good.

A man that has large benevolence and social feelings, and not large self-esteem and conscientiousness, is almost of necessity an Arminian.

Before the millennial day dawns, whose night is auro-
ral, and whose day is to be an unsetting day of glory,
there must be this principle: that by the power which
inheres in development and extraordinary excellence,
there is to be nourishing beneath, not seeking to please
ourselves, but to bear with the weak that need us.

Some men think that the globe is a sponge that God
puts into their hands to squeeze for their own garden or
flower-pot.

He who selfishly hoards his joys, thinking thus to increase them, is like a man who looks at his granary and says, "Not only will I protect my grain from mice and birds, but neither the ground nor the mill shall have it."

Refinement that carries us away from our fellow-men is not God's refinement.

A person's face, like God's sun, ought to shine kindly upon the just and the unjust.

Refinement should make a man finer in sensibility, so that he can bear with people that are not fine; so that he feels that there is a golden chord of attachment springing up between him and every man that is not fine.

The sanguine temperament affords the genuine good-natured disposition.

An irritable man, whom any one can excite, is like a horse kept at livery, ridden by every one, and spurred by each rider.

A compliment is praise crystallized. Some men come upon you like a cloud passing over the sun. You do not know what ails you, but you feel cold and chilly while they are about, and need an extra handful of coal on the fire when they tarry long.

If there be one thing for which a man should be more grateful than for another, it is the possession of good-nature.

Heart-varnish will cover up innumerable evils or defects.

The natural heart-singer is a man whose nature is large and luminous, and who, by his very carriage and spontaneous actions, calms, cheers, and helps his fellows.

Love it is—not conscience—that is God's regent in the human soul, because it can govern the soul as nothing else can.

Our earthly loves are but so many silver steps leading us up to the great golden love of God.

The universal introduction among men is the feeling that brings heart to heart, high and low, for it is that that makes all men kindred.

Do not give, as many rich men do, like a hen that lays her egg and then cackles.

A man should be lenient with everybody but himself.

Some men crack their tongues as a driver does his whip; and they come at last to think that the tongue was meant to be a whip.

Your greatest pleasure is that which rebounds from hearts that you have made glad.

Our kinder feelings must have expression, must rain, or else they will never bring up fruit and flower.

We are nearest those, and most glorious in the esteem of those, for whom we suffer most.

Any man who has helped to beautify a city, any man who has helped to make the warehouses noble, the wharves and piers serviceable, has lived to a good purpose.

The marrow of the moral nature of man is the necessity of habitual, constitutional, continuous, characteristic benevolence.

Do something that shall go on benefiting man after you are dead, if it is only to plant a tree or a bush.

You will die in a score of years, perhaps ; but not a score of centuries need slay the institution which you may rear.

Gain wealth, and then endow institutions. This is the way to use wealth to a good purpose.

Oh that we could remember and write the names of the men that planted the old elms in Hadley and Hatfield and Springfield, in Massachusetts, where so much beauty was so cheaply purchased for generations and generations !

The man with but a single virtue or charity is like a hen with one chicken. That solitary chicken calls forth more clucking and scratching than a whole brood causes.

Good-nature is one of the richest fruits of true Christianity.

Men are called upon as a duty to cultivate and employ generously and continuously those elements which make pleasure, and which make our fellow-men happier.

Blessed are the happiness-makers ! Blessed are they that take away attritions, that remove friction, that make the courses of life smooth, and the intercourse of men gentle !

Those that have pity, kindness, love, taste, music, imagination, should throw these joy-bearing elements abundantly out of themselves, and make those around sweeter, truer, and happier.

There is still a remnant of stoicism and asceticism among good men, leading to an unexpressed contempt for happiness-making.

It is the sum of the million little unconscious dispositions that go to make life joyful or painful.

There is no business in this world so poor as producing pain; there is no business in this world diviner than producing the higher forms of happiness and pleasure.

Beautiful natures are those which send out to all who approach their coasts the fragrance of the land.

The camellia is cold and odorless. A single opening bloom of a tea-rose fills a whole room with fragrance. No man's heart should be a camellia-heart; men's hearts should be rose-hearts.

Blessed are they whom you can not approach without perceiving that they exhale gladness and cheer and happiness!

When a man has gone into the service of the Lord ostensibly and externally, and is less sweet, less genial, less happiness-producing than he was before, he has made the mistake of setting aside benevolence.

No man can afford to dispense with personal service toward the unfortunate.

Those who give indiscriminately are the godfathers of swindlers. They encourage and breed a race of beggars, who feed unworthily upon the bread which belongs to the modest poor.

The machinery of life needs a great deal of oiling that we may minister to the wants of others.

A man might frame and set loose a star to roll in its orbit, and yet not have done so memorable a thing before God as he who lets go a golden-orbed speech to roll through the generations of time.

Though the world needs reproof and correction, it needs kindness more ; though it needs the grasp of the strong hand, it needs, too, the open palm of love and tenderness.

A man who gives away all his seed-corn in the spring will beg in the autumn. The condition of power in benevolence is that it shall come by a man's taking care of himself.

The maintenance of powerful benevolence is more vital to the Christian Church than dogmatic systems.

It is a shame for a village to be treeless, and to be without ample accommodations both for foot-passengers and for beasts. It is a shame for a village to let stinginess prevent the securing of ample supplies of water for all.

It is a shame for a man to have a good farm and a bad road in front of it. Every man should cheerfully and gratefully, not grudgingly, work for the community in which he lives.

No man has a right to do a good thing in a stingy and ugly way.

Benevolence, love which administers for the good of man, that is God over all from center to circumference, and from circumference back to center again.

Disinterestedness is the divine notion of perfection; disinterested benevolence is the supreme ideal.

Two thirds of people's generosity spills over. A man's cup is full, and others get the drippings.

There are persons so radiant, so genial, so kind, so pleasure-bearing, that you instinctively feel in their presence that they do you good; whose coming into a room is like the bringing of a lamp there.

Selfishness at the expense of others' happiness is demonism.

Where men attempt to live far above their fellow-men, everything is pulling them down—and it ought to. No man has a right to build himself up selfishly for himself.

There is no music and no pleasure greater than that afforded by a sweet disposition uttered sweetly through the tongue.

There is no person in this world that so uniformly takes his pay as he goes along, as he who does good at the expense of his own comfort and convenience.

We should be in sympathy with universal mankind. We should speak with such consideration that our words shall be to men as the dripping of flowers.

No man has a right to own a beautiful picture and keep it for his own looking at.

There are persons going about whose souls are as a whole band of music to everybody that is near them, and one dwells in their presence in a bounty of gladness perpetually. If they go, it is twilight; if they come, it is sunlight.

RELIGION.

MANY men want wealth—not a competence alone, but a five-story competence; and religion they would like as a lightning-rod to their houses.

Any one who has a bell in him that, ringing, will ring with “Holiness to the Lord,” is a preacher.

To be praised, and to have the reputation of liberality, is the way many people have of taking interest on what they lend to the Lord.

There is an ugly kind of forgiveness in this world—a kind of hedgehog forgiveness, shot out like quills.

Doctrine is nothing but the skin of truth set up and stuffed.

The kind of conscience which makes a man indifferent to his own disposition, and sets him to hounding everybody else, is not the kind of conscience which represents the religion of Christ.

The gospel faithfully preached meddles with everything else on earth.

A man's religion is himself. If he is right-minded toward God, he is religious; if the Lord Jesus Christ is his schoolmaster, then he is Christianly religious.

Men by multitudes are able to think deeply enough to unfix themselves in religion, who are not able to think deeply enough to fix themselves again.

Grace does not fall on men like dew on a flower. The divine grace does not come as the light comes, unasked, unmarshaled, and unobserved. We rise to sympathy with God only by the continuous stress of the will.

The best minister is he who catches the most sinners, and does not let them go again.

That is the best baptism that leaves the man cleanest inside.

Some plants of the bitterest root have the whitest and sweetest blossoms; so the bitterest wrong has the sweetest repentance.

There is no heresy like that of negativeness of inaction, of death. The dead man is the great heresiarch.

The differences between men lie in their power and scope of rising above the senses into the region of the invisible. The materialist collects his facts, and then sublimates them into a principle, and that is invisible.

Religion is the whole soul marching heavenward to the music of joy and love, with well-ranked faculties, every one of them beating time and keeping tune.

Piety is the right performance of a common duty, as well as the experience of a special moral emotion.

A man whose religion is dominated by an overhanging gloom of fear misrepresents religion as much as a cloudy day would misrepresent a sunshiny day, or as much as January would misrepresent June.

Wherever a man's religion disfigures his disposition and makes it ugly, it is not a religion of the right sort. Asceticism is not true religion.

The characteristics of a religious life are bountifulness and liberty. Joy, peace, and righteousness are the definitions which the New Testament gives to Christian experience. Righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost—these are the fruits of religion.

Hard, sharp-eyed, suspecting men—who always see everybody's faults but their own—do not represent religion. Eagles are not doves, bitter is not sweet, essential hatefulness is not lovely.

The Holy Ghost descends with all the beautiful characteristics of sweetness, and peace, and joyfulness, and purity, and truth, and glory into the souls of men; and they who present all the untoward features of unbeauty to man are the hinderers of religion.

Some men want to have religion like a dark lantern, and carry it in their pocket, where nobody but themselves can get any good from it.

The old dispensation was a system of practices; the new is a system of principles. A system of practices is never flexible, but principles are infinitely flexible.

Every religious system that multiplies ordinances, that runs after rites and ceremonies, runs back to Judaism—that is, runs back to childhood.

Conduct belonged to the old dispensation, and through that character was to be wrought out. In the new dispensation, it is character that is to be wrought out, and conduct is to flow from that.

Whatever prophet stands at the mouth of the grave to shake the mildewing finger of doubt at man's belief in existence beyond this world, is an unlimited curse which is felt by none so much as by those that carry in themselves the consciousness of manliness, and of nobility in it.

He that lives by the sight of the eye may grow blind, and he that lives by the hearing of the ear may grow deaf, but he that lives by soul-power lives by that which will multiply endlessly in him treasures which no hand can touch.

Orthodoxy that is simply the philosophy of truth is nothing but bones ; and if you take off the skin and flesh, and leave nothing but bones, the fairest form is not beautiful to look upon.

Religion is not a pruning-knife, nor an axe, nor a saw, but what you get from their use—the pear, the apple, the grape. Religion is the fruit of the spirit, a Christian character, a true life.

It is the duty of Christians to make religion lovely ; he who makes religion unlovely is more an infidel than if he simply denied the doctrines of Christianity. He is a worm at the core, and not a worm on the leaf.

A moral man is like an empty bottle, well corked, so that no defilement can get into it, so that it may be kept pure within. Pure? And what is the use of a bottle that is pure, if it is empty and corked up?

Moral men are stakes, put up for use. There are no branches, and there is no shade to them. Stakes are very good, but they are better made of dead wood than of living.

Every man's problem in life is, to take the disposition which God gave him, and subdue every thought and feeling to the spirit of God.

Religion to some is a beautiful suit of broadcloth, and a magnificent suit of silk, locked arm in arm, walking to Grace Church, and sitting and listening to resplendent music, surrounded by respectable people, that send cards through their coachmen's hands to one another.

Any mind that is so constituted that it is in sympathy with intense ideas of governor and government is Calvinistic.

Every man should make such a heaven over his head by his imagination, and should swing around such colors over the earth by the powers of his soul, that wherever he goes he shall carry with him all that he wants for any situation.

What are called "fanatics" and "extremists" are only the men that God sends to make up the general average which the unfaithfulness of others lowers.

Of all joyful, smiling, ever-laughing experiences, there are none like those which spring from true religion.

The elect are whosoever will, and the non-elect whosoever won't.

Morality must always precede and accompany religion, and yet religion is much more than morality. God does not want only the roots and branches and leaves of morality. He wants the blossoming of the heart, and that is religion.

I have an undying certainty in my bosom that I am allied to God in such a way that I shall not be extinguished when this life is ended.

The gauge of religion is the intensity and the productiveness of the love-principle.

He is the prince, not who wears the crown outside, but who wears the crown inside.

Ascetics are the products of ages of utter and abandoned license.

He is divinely favored who may trace a silver vein in all the affairs of life, see sparkles of light in the gloomiest scenes, and absolute radiance in those which are bright.

In every man's bosom there is that which at times longs for something better and purer than he is.

That state of mind in which a man is impressed with invisible things is faith. It is the use of the mind and the soul-power in distinction from the body-power.

God's promises were never meant to ferry our laziness. There is not an experience in life by whose side God has not fixed a promise.

Tears are often the telescope by which men see far into heaven.

The natural administrative powers of Moses covered a breadth perhaps never equaled, certainly never surpassed.

Infidelity will never be scourged out of the world by the understanding. It will be melted out by the warm shining of the human heart.

Some men think the object of conversion is to clean them, as a garment is cleaned ; and that when they are converted they are to be hung up in the Lord's wardrobe, the door of which is to be shut, so that no dust can get at them.

God will certainly take care of his children if they bear their whole weight on him. It may not be just in their way, but he will do it.

A man has no more religion than he acts out in his life.

We carry through the grave the soul's virtues, its moral magnanimities, its divinities.

Religion does lay on some men some degree of suffering, but it is the suffering of emancipation.

Giving the strength and beauty of life to the devil, and then offering the dregs of life to the Lord, is dirt-mean.

Periodical excitements are normal to the human constitution. Revivals of religion are in strict accordance with natural law.

Science can not supply faith in a loving God, and a God whom we can love.

Meanness is the peculiar wickedness of weakness. It is the slave's way, the coward's way, the sneak's way, of being wicked. It indicates not a prolific nature, but a *mousing* nature.

The impulses which men have from their passions ought always to be reviewed by their sober second thought; but their inspirations from their higher feelings ought not to be made subjects of reflection. It is never safe to take them home and think them over.

Four hundred thousand angels blowing trumpets for a fool would not give him a right to preach.

As a cloud of silvery mist drops down over a ship and shuts it in, so that it can not go any farther, but casts anchor and waits, so conscience, when it begins to be troublous, is shut down in the midst of a silvery mist of mere well-wishing.

The more conscientious men are when wrong, the more deadly are they in their persecutions, and the more disastrous is their influence on society.

A man that is superstitious is like a tree that is covered with mistletoe, not with leaves of its own. A man who lives in doubt is like a tree that is without any mistletoe, and is dead from top to root. Mistletoe is better than dead wood.

Earn joy and then you shall be joyful. A man may put yeast into a measure of meal, but God never *puts* religion into a man.

There is above every man's head a height into which he may rise, and whether care and trouble fret below, or tear on, they become alike silent and powerless.

Religion means work in a dirty world. The world is to be cleaned by somebody ; and you are not called of God if you are ashamed to scour and scrub.

There are different qualities of revivals of religion. Some are far better than others ; but there is nothing so bad in spiritual things as moral death.

Man's life, taken comprehensively, bears witness to nothing if not to the moral government of God, which rewards right conduct and punishes the reverse.

If work be mean or disagreeable, let your religion weave over it a network of flowers ; beautify it with piety, but never desert it.

The object of religion is not to make dreamy speculators, but real, earnest, vigorous men. It is not to remove the burden from our path, but to enable us to bear it.

The great skepticisms of our time are market skepticism, political skepticism, and religious skepticism.

Religion means that we are to let every faculty effulge, touched with celestial fire.

Religion would frame a just man ; Christ would make a whole man. Religion would save a man ; Christ would make him worth saving.

Truth, honesty, fidelity, are the three fundamental moralities on which religion must stand.

True worship is not somber, but has lightness, gayety, and cheer.

Devotion is not piety, but only the instrument of it. There is a hundred times more devotion than piety in the world.

To do what you do not want to do, and not to do what you do want to do, is true self-denial. The impulse of every man is to do the agreeable thing.

All true religion must stand on true morality. There never was an arch without something for its sides to rest on.

The meanest thing in the world is—the devil.

As a butler gets a cork out of a bottle, so men forgive oftentimes.

It is hard to be a saint standing in a golden niche.

God's providence is on the side of clear heads.

Trees that grow fastest, stand stillest. There ought to be a fixed root-place for religious convictions.

Religion is only another word for the right use of a man's whole self, instead of a wrong use of himself.

Our divinest sentiments of religion—our affections, and loves, and tastes—God, the blessed Pilot, will carry safely through the grave and its darkness, and we shall be planted again in heaven.

We should be thankful to men who have sung their experiences in hymns! Those hymns are our bells. We have strings and strings of bells wherever we go, because we have hymns singing to us all manner of things.

Piety is a process by which the spiritual in men gains a complete ascendancy over the physical.

Every wrong which a man commits against his own soul will find him out, and administer its own penalty.

Every time you trifle with reverent or sacred things, it is as though you scratched a mirror; and afterward every image that you see when you look at these things is marred.

There was never, probably, so intelligent a religious faith in so many men as there is to-day.

Reformation is not religion, though it often precedes and always accompanies it. There is no curing effects until causes are reached.

A frozen ship is a figure of a man's soul before grace enters it.

Religion is intended to fit a man for life—to teach him how to carry himself in his business, his pleasures, and his pains, as much as to aid him when he dies.

Hours are like sponges—they wipe out good resolutions.

You can never go in at the "strait gate" with meanesses, dishonesties, unkindnesses, clinging to your will.

Religionists seem ordained to war; and so two doctrines meet each other as two dogs, strangers in the neighborhood, with risings in the back, with growlings in the mouth, and with eyes full of anything but amiableness.

Men ought to suspect the raptures of religion when they are selfish in the details of their life.

There is a real difference between religion and religiousness, or religiosity. Nothing is more dangerous than intensity of feeling, and paucity of conduct as the result of that feeling.

Men are never struck, as with lightning, and instantly changed in character, being debased sinners one minute, and the next rapturous saints.

Religion is only another word for character, and it is developed in men. Religious education is a growth, and requires time.

Enthusiasts always get disciples ; even if they be scatter-brained, they win their way.

Religion is the heart and not the understanding. Though it employs the reason, it bears to it the same relation that a pair of spectacles bear to the eyes. It is merely a help to the eyes.

There is no creed like the hymn-book.

Satan loves asceticism. It is the devil's spawn. Joy is a divine element. It is one of the qualities of manhood.

There is a religious life which has bones in it, and muscles on the bones, and flesh clothing the muscles. A religious life has for its soul to desire and prefer and choose the highest and best things.

The Athanasian Creed is abominable necromancy run mad—a miserable, daft, insane thing.

In religious matters it is in the ratio of right-knowing that a man is likely to be a right-minded man.

There is no man that has learned patience who does not carry it through the grave. There is no man who has learned the art of subduing pride who does not carry that through the grave.

Are we made to tick and keep the hours of this mortal sphere only? When we are done here, shall we be run down forever, never to move again? Or do we belong to the horology of the universe?

He who teaches the young that they must scorn the idea of precise beliefs, and that the better way is, to come up generally in religious truth, is a traitor to the young.

Religion is a state of the soul. The kingdom of God is within us.

Babes that God takes to heaven are not kept babes; they must grow. Babes that God takes are more than mighty princes on earth.

Heaven is not a place where you shall stand like forty wax-candles in two rows.

We shall go to heaven not to shrink with age, to find poverty and distortion, but to find riches, and symmetry, and to develop into all the glory of everlasting youth.

It is the unknown life to come that cheers and blesses the known life that now is.

Every one of us will know one another in heaven. The sensibilities of this poor dim earth are no interpretation of the sensibilities of heaven.

Religious institutions can never do the work of the economic and social institutions of society.

Indifference in religion is more fatal than skepticism. There is no pulse in indifference; skepticism may have warm blood.

How much we are opposed to the Pope at Rome! Would that we were half as much opposed to the Pope at home!

No grace can save any man unless he helps himself.

There is no religion except in the vital powers of men in a state of activity.

Honor should ripen into religion, if that does not already exist; and, when religion comes into the soul, it should develop honor.

Self-denial, faith, hope, patience, kindness, are germs, waiting for influences in the life to come to bring them forth.

Reason is a permanent blessing of God to the soul. Without it, there can be no large religion.

Religion is a restraint on man's passions and appetites, and so promotes his prosperity.

The church is no more religion than the masonry of the aqueduct is the water that flows in it.

In the world's history there was never an age in which there was so deep and serious a religious faith as now.

In the communities where you find the most religion you will find the most worldly prosperity.

Where the truest form of regulated religion prevails, there you find the largest amount of thrift.

One of the subtle and intricate evidences of religion is the fact that high feeling in the moral sentiments, so far from being exhausting, is nourishing.

Where there is a weary heart, the Christian hymn will sing ; where there is a sorrow, the hymn will chant on ; where there is an aspiring soul, it will be winged upward by the hymn.

There is a great deal of religion that is not gentlemanly. It is neither refined, nor generous, nor magnanimous. There is a great deal of religion that is *dragooned* religion.

Religion is as much the child of intelligence as intelligence is the child of religion.

Any preaching which takes away from the Christian quiet and restfulness, is not a true representation of the gospel.

We must not confound religion with theology, any more than we must confound the music of an organ with the notes from which it is played.

Some men are born, as it were, close by the kingdom of God.

Good men's prayers are carried by the angelic mail ; but many men's prayers evidently go by the demonic route. They are never so bad as after they have prayed.

THEOLOGY.

THE doctrines which the schools teach are no more like those of the Bible than the carved beams of Solomon's temple were like God's cedar-trees on Mount Lebanon.

The old rugged doctrines of the schools may be too sharp here or there; but, after all, those old rugged doctrines have in them power both for condemnation and for lifting up and for consolation.

All truths whose root and life are in the Infinite are like the fixed stars, which become no larger under the most powerful telescope than to the natural eye.

God's providence is his capacity to use natural laws and make them serve men.

It is far more likely that there will be another Homer than that there will be another Augustine; that there will be another Shakespeare than that there will be another Calvin.

Your theology is the trellis, over which obedience, sympathy, gratitude, love, the various moral elements, clamber.

There are but two conditions to God's mercy—want and willingness; and these sweet truths of God have been webbed over by theologians as the flowers of the prairie are by black and ugly spiders.

God's sovereignty is not in his right hand; God's sovereignty is not in his intellect; God's sovereignty is in his love.

Man does not need to be taught that God will punish. All Nature has been teaching us that. Groans, tears, suffering, sickness, sorrow, death, tell us that there is penalty for violated law.

The gospel, while it concerns individual salvation, and the salvation of each individual generation, has a larger purpose—the augmentation of future world-character.

Men make their wicker-work systems of theology the basis of a familiarity with divine thought, and divine action, and divine being, which is truly astonishing.

Providence is but another name for natural law. Natural law itself would go out in a minute if it were not for the divine thought that is behind it.

The most consummate ideal that men have ever known, or felt, or thought, is the ideal of one who is supreme and sovereign, guiding Nature and in it Providence.

Everything that happens in this world is part of a great plan of God running through all time.

The habit of God's mind seems to be to take a germ, one root-idea, and to prove what infinite variations it is susceptible of.

Daily events are only elements of greater events that require long periods for their consummation.

Atonement is not like a chest of medicine, and Christ did not come like an apothecary and make medicine as long as his materials lasted, and his medicine was not sufficient merely for a portion of the sick.

THE BIBLE.

WHAT a pin is when the diamond has dropped from its setting, that is the Bible when its emotive truths have been taken away.

What a babe's clothes are when the babe has slipped out of them into death, would be the Bible, if the Babe of Bethlehem should slip out of it.

It is a marvel in literature that the most profound conceptions of the sin and guilt of mankind are the subject-matters of a sacred literature more cheerful and hopeful, more invigorating and comforting, than any that has ever existed.

There is not in the world a book which is pervaded with such a spirit of exhilaration as the New Testament. Nowhere does it pour forth a melancholy strain.

The Scriptures never jest, they never ridicule, they never deal in any wise in comic scenes, and yet, by a method of their own, produce sympathy, elevation of mind, high hope, and cheerful resignation.

The Bible is a cheerful book. Those that wrote it were, for the most part, cheerful men.

You may read the New Testament through, and you will not find a morbid word from Matthew to Revelation.

With a Bible full of cheer, it is shame to the desponding man! Shame to the unsmiling Christian! Shame to the gyved, manacled man who stands forth as a son of God!

Many persons of combative tendencies read the Bible for ammunition, and dig out of it iron for balls. They read, and they find niter and charcoal and sulphur for powder. They read, and they find cannon. So men turn the Word of God into a vast arsenal.

The Bible stands alone in human literature in its elevated conception of manhood, in character and conduct.

There is not a noble faculty that is not struck in the Bible, and that does not chime in that belfry of sweet affections and sublime thoughts.

The Word of God tends to make large-minded, noble-minded men.

God's Word is a vast forest ; and as a man can build out of the timber that is growing in the forest, a hut, or a common mansion, or a palatial residence, so out of the Word of God man can build a poor theology, or a rich theology, or a glorious theology, according to his selections.

With all the advantage of the light which has been shed upon men, we come back to Paul's epistles yet, as to a forest, to cut our timber when we want love.

Children of oppression will always be children of the Old Testament.

All that part of the Bible is Bible to you which you live by ; but so much of it as you do not vitalize is of no use to you.

The Bible is full of roads by which people seek to get around difficult things.

The Bible is like a telescope. If a man looks *through* his telescope, then he sees worlds beyond; but, if he looks *at* his telescope, then he does not see anything but that.

In the Bible every form of speech is exhausted to signify the all-presence of God; and nowhere else is this so fully set forth. Only the Bible attempts to tell what God does—not what he is; what he thinks, what he feels, what he means; what we may do with him, and what we may have from him.

Find what fault you please with the straw of the Bible, but when you come to take the wheat out of its husks the wheat is perfect.

There is not a single contradiction in the Bible from Genesis to Revelation. It is the medicine-book of the ages, and the repository of remedies.

A man who has in his pocket the Proverbs of Solomon has more brains in his pocket than the world generally have in their heads.

There are reverists who are so familiar with the Bible that it is worn smooth. Their wheels slip, as it were, on the track, their thoughts run off into reverie.

The Bible may be so interpreted by a besotted priesthood that plain men may be driven from the book for their very faith in its essential contents.

Men make no distinction between the Bible and the system which has been wrought out of the Bible, though there is just as much difference as there is between the iron-ore from the mines of Pennsylvania and the implements that are forged out of that ore.

The Bible professes to be a book of remedies, a book of moral training, moral restriction, moral remedy.

The Bible is a singing book, a healthy book, a book which has not a morbid spot in it from beginning to end, a book which is full of choirs, full of angel voices, full of inspiration, full of nobleness and grandeur, all the way through.

No architect ever conceived of such an estate as God's Word, and no artist, or carver, or sculptor ever conceived of such pictures and carved dishes and statues as adorn its apartments.

The seventh chapter of Romans is the *Miserere* of the New Testament.

The Old Testament is full of cheerfulness—of buoyancy—and commands to it.

The gospel is God's angel to defend the right and smite the wrong. It is God's fire-brand to burn out of corrupt men the dross, to leave the pure gold.

In all the writings of the New Testament, fervor, intensity, is required in every feeling. Men never phosphoresce until they come to intensity of feeling; they never glow unless they have had intense experiences.

Over the bright bridge of Christ's words we now walk, sure that we shall not plunge into a gulf of darkness and forgetfulness at death, but that we shall live again, and live forever.

The Bible forms a water-shed on each side, as it all runs into the eighth chapter of Romans for depth, and width, and momentum.

The New Testament underlays human life with motives which dignify it in all its parts.

The Apocalypse, so to speak, is God's northern lights. All the auroral glory of heaven seems to flash out in these various symbolismes.

All the figures which have power on the human imagination have been employed in the New Testament to describe heaven.

When a man has given up the one fact of the inspiration of the Scriptures, he has given up the whole foundation of revealed religion.

There is not one thing more characteristic of Christ's teaching than that constant largeness of sphere in his thought—that looking to the great *Beyond*.

The doctrines of the Bible are like flowers that are in the morning all covered with spiders' webs. They are obscured and mystified by theological spiders.

The Bible is the center jewel of which creation is the setting.

The texts in the Bible we least need are the ones we like best and remember longest.

The Apostle Paul's letters are full of allusions to practical life—to store life, to business life, to magisterial life, to the life of the king and of the subject, to the life of the citizen under all circumstances.

There is a great deal more meaning in many of the passages of the Bible than we can give to them. Many of the texts of Scripture kill sermons dead. A wise preacher skips the best texts. He can not work them up.

There is not a vulgarizing maxim in the New Testament.

The Bible does not create truth, but merely expounds it, brings it into practical shapes, and makes it usable to men.

Nowhere else is there such an atmosphere of the infinite spirit-realm that lies just outside the border of this world as in the teaching of the Saviour.

It is the medicating power of the Bible that gives it its value. It is its secret power on conscience, and faith, and hope.

The Old Testament is a book of intense enthusiasm.

The friendliness, the exaltation, the nobility, the gentleness, the encouragement, the helpfulness, and the beautifulness of the New Testament, make it a most wonderful book.

The Old Testament is a book of farming. It is a book of political economy. It is a book full of maxims of thrift.

There is no such collection of wisdom for daily life in the family, in the street, in the shop, on the ship, in the store, as the Proverbs of Solomon.

The Bible has been constructed in such a way that it is an armory of mercy, a magazine of kindness, a great institution of mercifulness !

The Bible is a book of this world, about this world, about the things which men think of in this world, and about the temptations which beset us in this world from day to day.

The Bible is the book of the common people. It is the workingman's book, the child's book, the slave's book. It is the book of every creature that is down-trodden.

Politeness might be substituted in the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians for charity.

Nowhere can be found a substitute for that sublime conception of God that pervades the Old Testament.

Repetition in endless varieties is the method of instruction in the Bible.

Few men can put on a Psalm of David. The garment is many times too large.

The Bible is the invaluable training-book of the world.

As there are always among violets some that are very much sweeter to us than others, so among texts there are some that are more precious to us than others.

There is nothing like a servile acceptance of imposed conclusions recommended in the Word of God.

The Word of God is a grand encourager of the supreme use of the understanding of men, both in things secular and in things spiritual and divine.

NATURE OF GOD.

THE superfluous blossoms on a fruit-tree are meant to symbolize the large way in which God loves to do pleasant things.

God pardons like a mother who kisses the offense into everlasting forgetfulness.

God Almighty is the mother, and the soul is the tired child ; and he folds it in his arms, and dispels its fears, and lulls it to repose, saying, "Sleep, my darling, sleep." "He giveth his beloved sleep."

God made the world to relieve an overfull creative thought ; as musicians sing, as we talk, as artists sketch when full of suggestions.

When a man repents toward God, he repents toward all love and delicacy. God receives the soul as the sea the bather, to return it again, purer and whiter than he took it.

God is not a bundle of thunder-storms.

Motherhood is only a miniature form of the all-loving and all-nursing heart of God.

God is revealed in the Bible as a Presence, right over against human necessity, and therefore relative to human necessity.

The God revealed by the Lord Jesus Christ has a mother-heart, and takes care of unworthiness, of unripeness, of undeveloped excellence, and brings them up toward perfection.

God's goodness and love carry sympathy and succor and medicine and help.

The Divine Being brings comfort and consolation to men. He is a God for men that are weak, and want to be strong; for men that are impure, and want to be pure; for men that are unjust, and want to be just; for men that are unloving, and want to be loving; for men that aspire to all the greatness and glory of which the soul is capable.

Universal Wisdom and Power sits central in the universe, and holds all things in his hands, as the skillful driver holds the reins of the easily controlled team that he drives.

God's works do not come from his hand like coins from the mint. It seems as if it were a necessity that each should be in some sort distinct from every other.

God's least thought is more prolific than man's greatest abundance.

The length and breadth, the height and depth of God are in the sphere of love. He is not merely a magisterial and juridical Deity; he is not merely a God perfect in holiness.

God is present in a silent way always. A certain hidden element or hiding element there is in the divine mind. God's blessings steal into life noiselessly. They are neither self-proclaiming nor even self-announcing.

Mercies tell us what God is. They are his children. He is the Father of mercies. They are part of his nature. They are not what he does so much as what he is.

God is the most minute housekeeper in the universe. Nobody else knows so well as he what is needed for the meal and for the wardrobe. Nobody else knows so well as he what the till has in it. Nobody else knows so well as he about rent and fuel. Nobody else knows so well as he about the body.

Where did the instinct of love which we see throughout the world come from? Worms take care of worms; birds take care of birds; and, as we rise in the animal kingdom, the instinct becomes stronger and stronger. These are fingers pointing up and saying, "The great God that made us, and taught us to love, is himself the great Lover."

There has been a divine purpose moving upon the world, and shaping the destiny of nations, and carrying things forward toward some bright, future, millennial day.

A mother's love interprets God, and brings him before man's mind as the embodiment of father, mother, and home.

The old dispensation had a muffled God, a God invisible; but the New Testament is God made known through Jesus Christ—a living force; not an idea, not an imagination, certainly not an abstraction, but a *living force*.

God is the majestic and mighty Heart, rich, glowing, glorious, yearning, and desiring good, and scattering it, as through the spheres he scatters light and atmosphere.

God is himself a vast medicine for man. It is the heart of God that carries restoration, inspiration, aspiration, and final victory.

God is the God of all comfort—the great-breasted God, the great Mother-God into whose arms come those that weep, where he comforts them, even as a mother comforts her child. And the earth itself is rocked, as it were, by that same tending, nursing, loving God.

By his nature God is essentially patient with imperfection, essentially curative of animalism and depravity, essentially stimulating and spiritualizing.

A Christian man conscious of imperfection finds peace and rest in the thought of God's loving and nursing nature—of that nature which mothers men, and waits to be gracious.

God overtures his grace, and it is rejected or neglected. He waits, and waits, and waits to be gracious.

It is the infinite, overflowing, swelling impulse of the divine nature to cure souls of their diseases; to augment that which is good in them; to develop them; to equip them; to perfect them.

As humanity needs divinity, divinity yearns for humanity, and there is a current in the universe like the Gulf Stream, which carries life even to the poles.

We are but a point, a single comma, and God is the literature of eternity.

God's nature is medicinal to ours. There are no troubles which befall our suffering hearts, for which there is not in God a remedy, if only we rise to receive it.

Scientists are attempting to come to God head-first. They must come to him heart-first. Then let their heads interpret what they have found.

A God by definition is never a living God, and a child is incompetent to understand such a being.

Is there any man that can take the reed of his understanding and lay it along the line of God's latitude and longitude, as if he were measurable as a city?

Men are the complements of one another; and it is only the voice of mankind that is competent to pronounce the nature of God, and not the voice of a single man.

They are the richest men in this world who are laying up the brightest, the clearest, and the most helpful and noble conceptions of God.

Infinite applies to the feelings of God as much as to his justice and power. There is nothing in his nature that is not measureless.

Every thought of God is medicinal. Every impulsion of God is curative. Every function of the divine mind brings health.

No man can form a philosophical conception of God which is perfect, which he can round out and present to the world, and of which he can say, "That is God—just that, and no more."

God is, above all other things, Poet, Architect, the great Painter. Wiser is he than the wisest statesman, more eloquent than the finest speaker.

The tenderness and tearfulness of God are the most surprising manifestations of his nature; for the words are to be taken literally—God was manifest in the flesh.

God gives as the wheat gives: we sow one grain, and reap a hundred.

That God pities and pardons, it is precious to know. But that he loves with special affection, and can take delight in us—this is overwhelming. Yet both the Old and New Testaments teach this.

God's love to man is more than motherhood, or fatherhood, or brotherhood, or sisterhood, or friendship, or love of lover.

The heart of God is the world's hospital.

It is only love that can find out God without searching.

What attribute of God, what other inflection of his character is so noble and sublime as this—his gentleness?

The longest telegraph ever made was that between the heart of God and suffering humanity.

There is a great, overshadowing love of God to us, that stands not on account of our character, but on account of his.

The single view on which a man can lie down and die without fear is this: God loves me because it is his nature to love.

The marvel of meekness, and sweetness, and love, is the Arch-Thunderer of Eternity—this it is that is past finding out.

What the rounded drop of water is in comparison with the whole earth, that the earth is itself in comparison with God's majesty of being or degree of magnitude.

There is no such lover as God. There is no such magnanimity as there is in God's nature. There is no such friend as God. There is no such harbor or refuge as his bosom.

The divine qualities of men are but the slightest hints, the faintest intimations, of the attributes of God.

That which men saw of God during his life on earth of thirty years was only a specimen of his life before and after.

Men have lifted God into such a solitariness of supremacy and sovereignty as to make him unsympathetic, careless of men, and regardful of nothing but himself.

One text that hooks a man to God, a father, controller of time and eternity, creator and sustainer of all mankind, takes away care, and anxiety, and sorrow.

God hates sin very much as mothers hate wild beasts.

That in God which is distinct from that which is in man is unknown and unknowable.

The gospel teaching is that God's love is the prime and grand attribute of his nature.

We can love love, but we can not love mere justice. When love is also just, true, pure, beautiful, radiant with taste, it becomes all the more priceless.

As the sunlight comes down and bathes the world, covering leagues and latitudes and infinite spaces, and in inexhaustible abundance, so is the love of God thrown down upon the world.

God's glory is his goodness.

The necessity of God that he should make himself known is the foundation of revealed religion.

The secret force of the ages is the yearning of God for men.

If God be vital, if he be ineffable, full of fiery feeling, and if that feeling is tempered round about the tropic of love, he is one we can give our hearts to.

It is the nature of God to need love. It is a hunger which is stronger in the divine heart than it is in any human heart.

If God numbers the hairs of our heads, what notice must he take of our living hearts !

God does not sit like a thunder-storm in the sky. Men do not need to approach him under an umbrella of excuses.

God has gladness for those who are glad, and pity for those who are sad.

God wears many robes. He comes in new apparel. Whatever change takes place, it is only God in another dress.

The noblest heart on earth is but a trickling stream from a faint and wasting fountain compared with the ineffable heart and soul of God, the everlasting Father.

When birds are on the nest, preparing to bring forth life, they never sing. God's stillness is full of brooding.

Our best conceptions, our truest ideals, our highest moods—even these interpret God but imperfectly to us. We see through a glass darkly.

God looks upon man's littleness as compared with his angels that excel in strength, much, it may be supposed, as we look upon little children as compared with grown-up men.

Nature and Providence teach that when love rules in heaven, and puts its soft arms around man, and lays its soft hands on man, there are bones in those arms and in those hands. That love means truth, justice, government.

There has been many and many a man who has said his prayers to the devil, thinking that he sat on the throne of Jehovah.

The representations of God which make him good-natured rather than good, that he will not permit suffering, that he will not punish the wrong-doer, is not scriptural, experimental, rational, or philosophical.

The happiest being in the universe is God, because he has an infinite desire of benevolence, and infinite means of gratifying it.

God is a being of great thoughts, great feelings, great actions. Whenever he does anything, he never does it narrowly, certainly not meanly.

Over every jail and hospital there is a tenderer spirit brooding than ever passes in or out through the door.

There is nothing so marvelous in the divine nature as God's long-suffering.

God does good not because men are good, but simply because he is good. He loves unlovely beings; he forgives hateful folks.

God's special providence is always on the side of the tempest.

God is a being who sits in the center of the universe with a nature so full of all bounty that it has an endless flow like a river.

There is no servant like God. No other being so humbles himself, and so bows down under weakness, and so lifts up with his strength, as God in the plenary service of Love.

The ground of forgiveness in the Bible lies not in the recipient, but in the giver. We forgive because it is the nature of goodness to do it.

God is the one great Employer, Thinker, Planner, Supervisor.

There is nothing that man has learned to esteem; there is nothing that seems glorious in beauty that has not been appropriated in the New Testament, in some form or other of parable, or symbol, or figure, to describe God's loving-kindness.

It is the higher nature of man that furnishes the ideal conception of God. Without this higher form of anthropomorphism there is no Christianity; no practical and comforting view of God; no companionable Father in heaven—there is nothing left for the heart.

God, thought of only as he is interpreted through the alembic of scientific research upon the material globe, is but an engineer. The world is a mill—not a mansion.

God is not a vast, billowy Being, soft as feathers are, white as down is, and powerless as they.

There is not enough of man in the lower animals to enable them to understand men ; and there is not enough of God in men to enable them to understand God.

The whole of God's being can not be understood, but enough of it can be understood to trust it.

The thinking nature of man, his affectional nature, and his moral nature, are alphabetic elements from which he can spell out something of the divine nature.

It makes a great deal of difference what sort of a God men believe in, as well as whether they believe in any God or not.

God regards the trooping millions that come from all worlds and all periods of time seeking the heavenly gate, and crying out, "Father ! Father ! Father !" as most beautiful and glorious.

God's love is medicinal. His life is a world-nursing life. He cleanses whom he loves, that he may love yet more.

Love and sympathy and pity are not less real in God than in man.

God is on the side of sinners for the purposes of rescue. God healing sin, instead of punishing it, is the model for Christian dispositions.

The picture of a mother with a child in her lap, is the picture of God with humanity and the world in his lap.

The most intensely thoughtful and the most intensively active being in the universe is God. He is never weary of his work.

God is the great Cultivator. All the agencies of Nature are for God. For him the nations are simple instruments of culture.

No God have we who sits like a marble statue on the throne of the universe. God is incessantly active; there is no day or night to his life.

God's whole nature moves toward the man who wants to be free from sin, as broadly and irresistibly as the summer moves from the south toward the north.

God is love, and man must take heed lest he run the lines of red blood—cruelty—around the image and portraiture of God.

CHRIST.

IN the death of Christ there were avowed though unexplained relations to the invisible world and to moral influences.

It is the practical adaptation of the divine nature to the wants of the suffering world that makes Christ so unquestionably divine.

Calvary shall stand forever, and, glowing through all space, shine as a mighty jewel that God hath set as a memorial of his everlasting love.

No man is so armed as the man who has this single element of faith—Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners, of whom I am chief.

There is such a thing as communion with Christ, as one speaketh to a friend face to face.

Christ presents to the mind a better, wider, deeper, and more correct theory and conception of what God is, than can be derived from nature or philosophy, or any of the analogies of human life or human experience.

There is no picture ever painted, no statue ever carved, half so beautiful as a living man thoroughly developed upon the pattern of Christ Jesus.

There were two kinds of affection in Christ—the general feeling which we style benevolence, and an individual and special attachment. God loves not only in the general way, but also with that individuality and specialty of which we are ourselves capable one toward another.

Around the simple cross-wood the heart of the world has gathered for twenty centuries its stores of admiration, of love, of devotion.

There is a strange law of vicarious suffering wrought into the very structure of human life. It is suffering that gives life, and then it is worn as a robe of life.

Every element of a man's being can be so brought into connection with the Lord Jesus Christ that intellectually a man may be both developed and fed.

The blood of Christ makes of one blood all good men on earth. We are blood-kindred to all that have been blood-sprinkled from on high.

Christ's life was spontaneous ; it was performed as a joy ; he counted it a joy to suffer.

Every act of Christ carries us right home to him as God, so that we can say, "This tells me how God feels, and what he is."

The personal relation to Christ alone makes a man a Christian—the personal identification of the human heart with the Lord Jesus Christ.

We need the personal allegiance of love to Christ—such a presentation of him through the imagination to our minds as will draw forth the soul's enthusiasm and secret life.

Every man must, by the inflammation of his own heart-feelings, find his Christ.

Thousands of hearts feel the drawing of Christ's great heart; just as the ocean does not know what ails it, but it swings to and fro, following the planets.

Open the head of a man and deftly take out the whole brain, and every particle of his nervous system, without destroying any other function, and close up the head, and have life go on: what that body would be is Christianity with Christ taken out.

A man may love Christ in his heart as if he were God, although in terms he denies that he is God. He ascribes to him, not by thought but by affection, everything that constitutes allegiance to divinity. The heart worships him.

Christ is the one great typical man; and all high manhood necessarily conforms to Christ.

Take from the Bible the Godship of Christ, and it would be but a heap of dust.

Whenever Christ is born into the world, he comes in as when he was first born. He came in at the bottom. He came in through a manger, with the poor standing round about him.

There is not in the New Testament one caution or guard against our overtrusting or over-exalting Christ.

All the scenes of the past in the life of Christ have but one office: to instruct us how to imagine and lay hold of a Living and a Present Saviour.

The moment one realizes the goodness of Christ, his helpfulness, his lenient, forgiving, sympathizing spirit, he knows what faith in Christ means. Such a man is not a religious man merely, but a Christian.

The qualities suggested to us by the affections—as tenderness, gentleness, patience, sweetness, and the beauty and rapture of love—are found centered in Jesus.

The marriage of the soul to Christ—that is the disclosure of the gospel.

Christ is presented to us in the comprehensible form of God. He is God translated.

You can find your hero always in Christ. He was not a quietist; he was not a pietist alone. Christ loved flowers, and talked about them; watched birds, and knew about them. He was a Lamb, but he was no less the Lion of the tribe of Judah.

Christ sometimes says, "I am a road, walk on me"; at other times he comes as the brown loaf, and says, "Eat me"; at other times he trickles musically past us, and says, "I am the River of Life, drink of me."

In Christ was comprehended the fullest conception of greatness and nobleness of character. Every idea of true manhood is in him.

There was just as much of force and terrible wrath in Christ as there was of gentleness and meekness.

The experience of Paul and the earliest Christians revolved around the center of their love and fidelity to Christ. Piety with them was loyalty.

Not oceans or lands, not temples or palaces, not battles or dynasties or races, are for one single moment to be compared to a single soul that has been built up by Jesus Christ.

Christ reformed men by inspiring the love of goodness, as well as by hatred of evil. He controlled the passions by the inspiration of the moral sentiments.

What in summer the sun is, compared with all its earthly products—flowers, and leaves, and grass—that is Christ to the Christian compared to all the products of Christ in his mind and in his soul.

There never was so happy a man as Jesus Christ.

Christ lives to bring sons and daughters home to glory, and whoever keeps step with him is his companion.

Christ's life was filled up with a thousand small shades of goodness, whose very nature it was to make men contented and happy.

No person has drunk in the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ who does not make other persons happier when he comes to them.

The glorified Christ is in sympathy with things that are lowly and needy, things that are helpless and things that are piteous.

Where human life needs most sympathy, where usually it is the most barren, there it is that Christ is more likely to be found than anywhere else.

Would you paint Christ? Bring the sweetest virtues, the gentlest manners, the clearest wisdom, the most long-suffering patience, the noblest pleasures, all that makes heaven a garden of delight, and from these rare qualities, sublimed by the imagination, with trembling hand, touch here and there a feature.

No individual in his lifetime ever experienced so much joy as was compressed into the life of Jesus Christ.

Christ was a man among men ; and if he looked up his look was radiant, while if he looked down his look was light-bearing. He could not touch any side of human nature, that his soul did not go out in sympathy with it.

The name of Christ globes in itself all the highest conceptions of self-sacrifice, of calm courage, of lustrous wisdom, without effort, without investigation, and in which is all gentleness, all fidelity, all love, tropical, immense, irresistible, and immeasurable.

To the Christian Christ is the source of motive, the source of enthusiasm, the source of confident hope, the source of devout love, the source of patient continuance to the end.

No man can read the Gospels without being impressed with the immense activity of Christ.

Christ was ready of speech to an extraordinary degree, but never talkative. He uttered sentences so crisp, so fresh, and so complete, that every one of them might be cherished as a proverb or as a rounded statement.

There is such superiority, such gentleness, such sweetness, such sympathy, such patience, such faithfulness of love in Christ, that one is ashamed of the best service he can render him, it is so far beneath his desert.

The ministry of our Saviour was characterized, after it had once fully begun, by excessive activity.

The maxims and statements of Christ were the very roots of philosophy. We have never, under any moral philosophy, come up to the maxims and root-teachings of the Lord Jesus.

We are sorry for a man because he stumbles with a crippled limb. We can pity an outside cripple ; Christ could pity an inside cripple.

THE SPIRIT OF GOD.

THE Divine Spirit works along the line of a man's own thinking power, along the channel of a man's own motive power, and wakes up in the man that which was in him.

As the solar sun develops growth in the earth, so the influence of God develops growth in the human soul.

The Divine Mind does not think for us, or in spite of us, but works in us to think, and to will, and to do.

There is a direct in-shining, a direct in-breathing, a direct in-reaching of the Divine Soul upon the human soul.

Except by the personal influence of God's nature on ours, we can not reach our higher manhood.

There is a heart-logic that is more than head-logic, and that saves a man in spite of his head.

Men who wait for irresistible influence to transform them, with one mighty sweep, into Christians, are like the ship-master who waits for the wind to loose his cables and raise his anchors.

Every throb of our spirits that answers to spiritual things is caused by the influence of God.

There is a healing curative nature forever outworking from the Divine Mind upon ours, although we may not co-operate voluntarily with his will.

The soul of God touches the soul of man. God and man are united by the intersphering of soul-life. God's ever-watchful soul broods tenderly over every human being by day and by night.

The spirit has the poorest chance in this world where it has to work through an untransparent body. The ascended Christ is nearer the world than when he stood clothed in a body.

The soul only when divinely brooded receives its power. Our faculties, like the eye that must be filled with light from without, wait for their power from above.

There is a spirit that works within us, and develops a power in us that teaches us how to accomplish what we will, and guides us by its inspiration to successful results.

Softness is not the gentleness which the Spirit breeds, it is the weakness which the flesh breeds.

Many people think that to be a Christian means submission to restraints, being long-faced, having a solemn countenance, just as a mask for caprices and fantasies. But the Spirit of God produces joy.

Gentleness as the fruit of the Spirit is a strong man's treating all men with lenity, and kindness, and forbearance, and patience.

Goodness as a fruit of the Divine Spirit is raining satisfaction and happiness upon all around us, not studying our own welfare; a fountain out of which all the time flow streams of delight for others.

Justice is very good, but that alone is like a heap of bones with nothing on them. Goodness is like the flesh by which bones are covered over.

There is nothing so sweet as the softness and gentleness of power.

Selfish man, who does not want to be selfish—that aspiration for something better, is of God. Worldly man, conscious of spiritual things—that consciousness is of God.

There is no place where a soul can be, that to it is not conjoined the influences of the Divine Spirit. Attempt anything, overcome anything, attain anything, you are not alone.

There is a divine summer which broods upon men, and brings forth harvests in their souls. That we can not understand it, define the work of the Spirit, or limit it, is its glory.

This may be called the creed of the Spirit : love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.

What the sun is to flowers, that the Holy Ghost must be to our hearts if we would be Christians.

There is a divine power which lapses into the human soul, and by that divine power all the faculties of a man become competent to do or to be what they can not do or be when they are left to the laws of society or to the laws of Nature.

The soul may rise through all earthly influences into such a susceptible spiritual condition that the throb and impulse of the Divine Nature shall fall upon our souls and give us an abiding state of wisdom, of peace, of rest, and of joy in the Holy Ghost.

It is the nature of the Spirit of God, it is the genius of the gospel of Jesus Christ, to change the whole current of human nature, and take a man of twoscore or threescore years of wickedness and to cleanse him in blood so that he shall be white as the driven snow.

CHRISTIANITY.

THE world is out hunting—what? Heathenism. And it will be unearthed; it will be caught. A little while and there will be no den so deep, or forest so dark, or island so remote, that it can find refuge.

If you are going to cut cold iron, you must have cold steel to do it with; and, if you are going to do the Lord's work among wicked men, you must be a Puritan—you must be unflinching.

Christianity is the making things strong, and sweet, and fruitful, and beautiful. Beauty, and liberty, and life, and power, belong to every single element to which a man is called in the Christian life.

All Christianity which does not include personal experience, is but a lunar rainbow. It takes the sun to make a rainbow worth looking at.

There is no Christianity to the man who does not personally take Christ by faith.

No man presents a type of Christianity who lives simply by force of duty. It is love, joyful living, not drudgery.

Men judge of Christians by taking as fair samples those that lie rotten on the ground.

Some folks think that Christianity means a kind of insurance policy, and that it has little to do with this life, but that it is a very good thing when a man dies.

A reflex light of Christianity shines all through society.

Christianity seeks to produce a certain inward condition which we call character, which is to last beyond death, and to be potential beyond the grave.

The Sermon on the Mount is the foundation of those Christian doctrines which relate to the dispositions of men, to morality, to worship, and to spirituality.

Science is now making the swaddling-clothes of Christianity.

Christianity is simply the ideal form of manhood represented to us by Jesus Christ.

The Christianity that we need must have oaken sills and stone foundations—namely, truth, fidelity, honor, honesty, purity, continence, courage; on these old, homely moral virtues, manhood must be established.

Restfulness, trustfulness, peacefulness — in other words, the attributes of little children when they are at home with their parents and are free from anxiety and fear—these are the genius and nature of true Christianity.

Christianity is nothing but the Hebrew economy carried out on a better plane and by better instruments.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

GOD builds for every sinner, if he will but come back, a highway of golden promises from the depths of degradation and sin clear up to the Father's house.

Wherever you have seen God pass, mark that spot, and go and sit in that window again.

The test of Christian character should be that a man is a joy-bearing agent to the world.

On the one side of the loom in which a Christian man's life is laid is sorrow, and on the other is joy; and the shuttle, struck alternately by each, flies back and forth, carrying the thread, which is white or black, as the pattern needs.

Christian graces should be like Croton water, which presses from the reservoir on every faucet in New York city. Each one should be full and ready for use when needed.

God appoints our graces to be nurses to other men's weaknesses.

It is not the love of things lovely and pure and noble, but the attitude of mind which leads us to pour the balm of our soul over those that are unlovely and impure and ignoble, that constitutes the mind and will of Christ in us.

No moral quality is left in the New Testament until it has been embellished. It is not enough that a Christian man should be generous, he must be cheerful in his generosity.

A Christian man who hates, and is inexorable and revengeful, and will not forgive, is as much worse than an ordinary man as salt that has lost all saltiness is worse than common dirt; it is only good for the bottom of one's foot.

A religious life is as much a department of education as a musical life or a life of university instruction. It is a thing of growth and of gradual progress. Such is the method of the Divine Spirit.

The method by which God stirs men up through the Holy Ghost to a better life is that of an education which is seed first, sprout next, then a larger growth, and then maturity.

A week filled with selfishness, and the Sabbath stuffed full of religious exercises, will make a good Pharisee, but a poor Christian.

There is a precise moment when the soul pauses in its departure from God, and begins to return toward him. The fruits of that return may not be at once visible.

A moral man, as distinguished from a Christian man, is one who is negative. A Christian is one who is positive.

The Christian life is a life of higher activity—not of quiescence; a life of rebound from wickedness, within and without.

A coat that is not used, the moths eat; and a Christian who is hung up so that he shall not be tempted—the moths eat him; and they have poor food at that.

The methods of God with the soul are far above the crucible, and far above the measures which are ordinarily applied in science.

As the trained singer, though starting the tune below the pitch, glides into it, and goes with the current of song, so everywhere and always the human will that is swallowed up in the will of Christ Jesus, whatever may be the event, meets it and glides into concurrence and concord with it.

When one comes into the mystic union with God, and feels the stimulating influence of the divine nature, he is dead to the lower life.

A Christian may be set free from temptations by the inspiration and inflation of the upper faculties of the mind by the Holy Ghost; and sin has no dominion over such a man.

Christianity requires a forgiving spirit as the highest form of benevolence or well-wishing toward our fellow-men.

In the Christ-man the powers of the soul, the powers of the understanding, of the will, of the moral sentiments, of the affections, and of the passions, are all organized for the purpose of benefit to others.

A lazy saint is an anomaly in the universe, and will be found nowhere but in a fool's paradise. Business is morality. A man that has nothing to do can not be a good man.

When a poor Christian man has passed from this world, he has not a pauper-soul but a Christ-soul in him.

Christian self-respect and Christian conscious power among the very poor, and Christian humility and Christian gentleness and purity and sweetness among the rich—set these two pictures over against each other, and see which is the handsomer.

It is a beautiful thing to see a man so poor that poverty despises him, and yet not humbled a particle by it ; to see a man that has such a sense of the dignity of the Christhood in him, that he walks among men with an unblenching face, every inch a man among them.

The most celestial experiences of a Christian soul can only come forth during moods of happiness.

The very point of power in the church of Christ is the personal influence of Christian lives.

A thousand men who should create a public sentiment around them in favor of the higher forms of Christian experience, by the example of their lives, would revolutionize a continent.

Human souls transformed by the Spirit of God till they live in the highest qualities, must form a public sentiment that is to be the transforming power among men.

When your babe puts his little soft hand into yours, his hand is as strong as yours, since it is yours that guides it ; so, when we put our hand into God's, we are, by his grace, as strong as he is, since he leads and we only follow.

Christ can not be followed unless a man gives the benefit of his gifts and attainments to the whole community.

Men may come to Jesus Christ in such a sense as that they shall have a power, a charity, and an emotional life, which is able absolutely to dominate over all external conditions, so that men who are in sorrow rise up, the cause not being taken away.

A Christian is a fruit-bearer. A moral man is a vine that does not bear fruit.

How many there are that spend their lives in the midst of all the pleasing trifles of that vast museum of curiosities which are labeled religious, and think themselves Christians !

To be a martyr requires a great deal of obstinacy as well as grace. There have been a great many *stuffy* martyrs. There have been martyrs outside of the Christian religion as well as inside of it.

If one could wallow amid filth for half a life, and then wash himself clean in a day, then sin would be no worse than dirt on the hands which water can cleanse in a minute. Repentance may begin instantly, but reformation often requires a sphere of years.

The suffer-me-first folk are not the ones to follow Christ. One says, "I will follow thee, but suffer me first—" "Stop !" says the Saviour, "I do not want you unless you will follow me at once."

Many Christians commit the mistake of wanting high feeling when it is against nature that they should have it.

A man that is a Christian, and is a dark lantern, is not of the New Testament pattern.

Half the spiritual difficulties that men and women suffer arise from a morbid state of health.

Christians should kindle their zeal by sympathetic contact with other Christians.

Any Christian that wants to chord any state of mind can do so if he is familiar with the hymn-book.

Hymns are like trumpet-calls to a sleeping warrior, which wake him and instantly bring him to his feet, sword in hand.

Heaven answers with us the same purpose that the tuning-fork does with the musician. Our affections, the whole orchestra of them, are apt to get below the concert-pitch; and we take heaven to tune our hearts by.

There are not anywhere else so many ways of trickery, so many false lights, so many veils, so many guises, so many illusive deceits, as are practiced in every man's conscience in respect to his motives, thoughts, feelings, conduct, and character.

Man's faults lie like reptiles—like toads, like lizards, like serpents; and what if there is over them the evening sky, lit with glory, and all aglow? Are they less reptiles and toads because all is roseate around about them?

The notes of religious experience that ring out of the soul are notes gladder than marriage-bells. Religion is real if it is experimental. Religion is glorious, and experimental religion is the most glorious of all.

When we have heartily repented of wrong, we should let all the waves of forgetfulness roll over it, and go forward unburdened to meet the future.

Christians should be bright and beautiful through all their youthful life, and gorgeous as they grow old and are about to step into the kingdom of God's glory.

"Behold! he prayeth," may almost be said to be the description of the beginning of the Christian life.

The great art of living Christianly is to have conscience for the undertone, and to have love for the upper, and, if possible, for the stronger experience.

There is no point so critical of Christian character as the power to maintain love toward all men—not a love of personal attraction, but a love of benevolence, that begets a willingness to bear with them and work for them.

The New Testament designs the Christian man to be a child of light and joy.

Bearing fruit, sweet, luscious, and blessed, is the business of the Christian life.

Though thousands love and earnestly, yet no one knows the whole want of his life till he has met with that which is a supply to all—mind to mind, heart to heart, faculty to faculty. It is only God who can satisfy the soul.

Many Christians are like chestnuts—very pleasant nuts, but inclosed in very prickly burrs, which need various dealings of Nature, and her grip of frost, before the kernel is disclosed.

Men's graces must get the better of their faults as a farmer's crops do of the weeds—by growth.

Feeling does not become stronger in the religious life by waiting, but by using.

The passions are never doing their proper work unless they are like locomotives behind a train ; the functions of the passions in a Christian is to go behind conscience and love, and make them powerful and fruitful.

There are unordained men that are ordained of God from their birth to be teachers in the way of religious conversation.

A radiant piety, a loving piety, a hopeful piety, and above all a singing and praising piety, wins every class of men, and honors the name of Christ in the world.

A man's soul ought to be as the heavens were on the night when the shepherds looked up, and saw them full of angels as well as stars.

If a man could take his choice of all the lives that are possible on the earth, there is none so much to be desired for its joy-producing quality as a truly self-denying, consecrated Christian life.

Christians should serve their Saviour from day to day with an unfearing faith, a faith that works by love and its concomitant feelings ; and they should keep their most royal hours and most golden moods for his service.

It is a pitiful sight to see a man valiant for Satan, fruitful, energetic, and constantly diversifying his experience in wickedness, and afterward very softly spoken for God, sterile, and close, and formal, and proper, when he becomes a Christian.

No man ought to be so glad to pluck men out of the burning as those men who have been themselves brands in the burning, and have been rescued.

The profession a man makes when he joins the church is, "I am better." Not "I am good," but "I am better, and I am going to get well."

How unmanly and dishonorable it is that a great sinner should accept grace, and then be a dwarf in God's work, when he has been a giant in the work of sin!

Supreme and tremendous energy and positiveness enter into the scriptural delineations of Christian character. Intense virtues and self-denials, bearing yokes, bearing the cross, sacrificing, crucifying, are enjoined.

The moment a man really wants to be a Christian, he is one; wishing is having.

There are persons with a main-spring in them, who have been wound up, and only need to be taken up and whirled round a few times, and to be told, "You are Christians: tick, tick," and they would commence keeping time, and go on keeping time.

God prefers to administer in his moral kingdom by the operation of stated laws, just as he does in the physical kingdom; and the road to blessings in the moral kingdom of God is through an intelligent obedience to natural moral laws.

Whenever a man asks God for any spiritual gift, the next step should be to ask: "Have I not asked God for something that I can get myself?" "Have I not asked God for something that he has made provision to give me in an indirect way?"

Many men, by their very culture and refinement, take themselves out of the fundamental element of sympathy and love which is indispensable to Christian life.

Those that follow Christ do not go about patting men, and making soft pillows for them to put their heads on, and easy cushions for them to sit down on, and sweet music for them to do their iniquities in. The men especially who follow Christ and his apostles turn the world upside down.

The desire to dress better than can be afforded is taking off the very enamel of people's virtue, and taking out the very stamina of their religious life. Ostentatious vanity in dress has ruined many a family, and damned many a soul.

An error is not always to be plucked up by the roots in a man, unless something else can be put in its place.

A hundred men associated in fellowship, who presented absolutely a perfect and symmetrical view of the sweetness of Christian character as Christ had it and imposed it upon his followers, would revolutionize any city.

Ten men that walked in the radiant beauty of holiness would regenerate any neighborhood.

Christians ought not to slander God by looking as if they were at an everlasting funeral.

That man is a Christian whose soul has learned to love; and he who has not learned to love, does not know the alphabet of Christianity.

To be a Christian a man must have his selfishness stopped, his unloving pride stabbed, his opaque soul illumined, and all through the central element of love.

Hundreds of professed Christians are nothing but skin over empty space, beaten with orthodox sticks.

The soul may be so inspired by the Divine Spirit as to be certified of its relationship to God.

Eternal life is not a gift as of something out of the hand of God, like a scepter, or like a coronet. It is a gift as education is ; something wrought patiently and long in a man. It is a gift as the sunlight is to the flowers—an influence which enters into them and fashions them.

Feeling, which, beginning a feeling, has transmuted itself into life and conduct, and has become wholesome—that is genuine piety. But the mere feeling without the transmutation is not desirable.

Five pounds more steam than a man wants is five pounds against him—not five pounds for him. Every particle of feeling more than can be reduced to conduct and volition is so much surplusage.

It is not necessary, in order to be true Christians, to be in a hymn state, a psalm state, a prayer state, all the time.

In the Christian life the yoke and the burden are eminently profitable to men.

For conversion a man wants just enough feeling to make him thoroughly turn away from bad and thoroughly take hold of good. Whatever is more than that is surplusage.

The less feeling it takes to convert a man, the more noble he is ; and the more it takes, the meaner he is.

A true Christian must live higher than the average morality of the community in which he dwells.

No man has touched the essential characteristic of Christianity, and no man has entered into the interior spirit of Christianity, who has not reached to a certain extent that peace which Christ said he gave to his disciples, and which at times they declared to be past all understanding.

A man who has religion is a whiter man inside and out, a riper man inside and out, a sweeter man inside and out, and a more fragrant man inside and out, than a man who has not religion.

The jolly good fellow who took to everybody and whom everybody liked gets religion, and now the singular consequence is that whereas he used to be like a merry shower he is now nothing but an icicle hanging from the eaves of the church, cold, formal, and good for nothing.

Christ is better disclosed in the effort to live Christianly than he is by any other endeavor to find him. Begin Christian life and duty at once ; begin at once to cultivate Christian feeling.

A true man is not what he is in the prayer-meeting, nor what he is in the Sunday-school, nor what he is in his best moments, but what his average life is in all his hours put together.

God's men are better than the devil's men, and they ought to act as though they thought they were.

Christians are not called to a singing hope, an easy spiritual life. They are called to join the host that mean yet, one day, to see truth, conscience, love, generosity, honor, and purity, taking complete control of the machinery of human life.

What a fly is whose head is cut off, that has no steering power, and, using its wings and legs, whirls round and round preliminary to dying, that a man is who has lost his faith.

God should be in the Christian's soul, in his living consciousness, vital, active, fiery. He should inspire him and fill him with admiration. His God should be one that loves him, inspires him, rebukes him, punishes him, wounds him, heals him, and rejoices him—one whose arms and whose bosom he feels.

"The fruit of the spirit is love—joy." So the opaque Christian is a slander on God. The thing which the Church has been so much afraid of—joy, cheerfulness, hopefulness, gentleness, sweetness, overflowing manhood—this is one of the fruits of the Spirit. Love and joy are put first.

It is by the side of sickness, and in the refuge of home, that we see the power of the Lord Jesus Christ more signally than in the street, in the halls of legislation, or in any of the conspicuous places of life.

There is nothing that is a greater blessing in a community than a man who is known to be an honest, truth-speaking man, and who is kind and genial and cheerful everywhere and at all times. Such a man will do more good in a community than a thousand tight-laced, sour-visaged Christian men.

Man is so essentially a believing animal, that the moment you take faith away from him, you take away an element indispensable to his spiritual and so to his normal life.

Conscience is the Christian's feet, and they touch the earth, but love is the head, lifted up toward heaven ; now the head would certainly do ill without the feet, but the feet still worse without the head.

As it is not the child always hanging round the mother's neck that gives the strongest proof of affection, but the child that obeys the mother's command, so the Christian who obeys Christ shows him the greatest love.

Keep the thought of heaven to grow timber to bridge over the bad places in life.

The true Christian is the largest built of any living man, is the creature of the greatest joy, and is by far the one who has the greatest liberty.

Self-denial is only the higher feelings putting the whip on a lower one, because it is impudent and is disturbing the soul.

It is no virtue to be patient down-hill. To be patient with *men* is to be patient with the whole sum of human infirmities.

The life of every Christian on earth has in it much that is mysterious. It is aiming at an awful grandeur which has never been unveiled. God carries in his bosom the full ideal. We know it not.

A Christian ought not to be gloomy-eyed, twilight-faced, and bat-like, hovering between night and day.

No one can resist the argument of holiness, brought in a personified form before him, in its gentleness, in its sweetness, in its aspiration, in its love, in all its blossoms and fruits of peace and joy.

There is a cowardly, white-faced spirit of professional piety in the world.

There is an infidel "don't care," which is the devil's net to catch the heedless; and there is a Christian "don't care," which is a cord of God to draw men toward heaven.

Christian character can never be according to the Scripture ideal, which is only an inventory of negations.

No man can have a manly Christian character who is merely reserved, restrictive, conservative.

Righteousness is as hereditary as vice, and godly men transmit moral qualities to their children, and to their children's children.

The Christian gathers hope from the feeling, "I am not to be saved because I am so good, but because God is so good."

Being a Christian is no mysterious thing. If you would feel like a Christian, act like one, live like one. The way to become a Christian is to do Christian duty.

It is not conviction so much as the fruit of conviction that is of importance.

The human heart has more gates than Jerusalem had, and God enters it by that gate which, in view of the age, circumstances, and condition of the person, it seems to him wisest to enter by.

A religious life, begun early, is the surest road to honor, prosperity, and happiness.

We should be ashamed of anybody that is afraid of God's providence. We should sing when other people cry. Men that have lead in their shoes generally have it in their heads too.

A Christian life is not a sluggish, lazy, puddle-life.

A dull axe never loves grindstones, but a keen workman does. God grinds the axes he means to use.

Give me a hundred right kind of Christians, and I will bind them into a living volume, and I will make the world believe.

A man that does nothing but watch evil, never will overcome it.

There is a Providence—a broad, beneficent system, which has such a relation to you that you can not afford to be uneasy.

You can trust and rest in God simply because he has said, you may and you must.

Out of every night God is making a path by his hand for the morning, and for you ; and out of every day he is making a bed of darkness for the night, and for you.

Adversity is the mint in which God stamps upon man his image and superscription.

So much of the gospel as has been reproduced in a living form in Christian people's experience is what the world needs more than almost anything else.

The Christian needs a broader conception of Christian life than merely saying prayers, singing hymns, and talking to men about their souls.

A well-bred, thoroughly trained Christian addresses himself to duties that he does not feel an appetite for; and frequently, in performing them, his dislike for them disappears.

There are not only two strings to the Christian's bow, but thirty in the Christian life.

The greatest joys of Christian men spring from those friendships which have grown up in the Church in connection with religious feelings and labors.

There is no friendship so pure and unsullied as that which is formed by Christians while they travel together homeward toward Zion.

It is a Christian duty in every man to organize his affairs so as to enlarge and make more and more bountiful the property foundation on which his household stands—for property is the absolute condition of civilization.

Christian graces are air-plants which do not need dirt to root in. Moralities are good crops—oats, wheat, and what-not—although they root in the dirt. But we need to have both.

A flower might just as well attempt to get along in summer without the dew that falls upon it, as a Christian attempt to live without daily communion with God.

An eagle that can not fly, a nightingale that can not sing, a vine that can not bear grapes, a flower that can not blossom—that is a heart that does not pray, and does not love to pray.

The sculpturing hand of God cuts the hard stone, and brings out the features of the new man.

Whoever draws near to God in the spirit of sincere, winning, loving, filial conversation, worships. This is prayer, this is communion, whatever may be the mode.

More graces of the spirit, a thousand times, are sacrificed by irritableness, which comes from over-exertion and inordinate activity, than can be gained by prayers and reading.

Humility is not a stoled and draped nun clothed in black, and downward-looking. No man is humble who is looking down. A man is humble when he compares what he is with what he would be.

Humility is a head-up quality — not a dragging, miserable, mean feeling. It is not mortified pride. It is one of the noblest and one of the most resplendent of all the experiences of the soul.

Temptation and suffering so much belong to the Christian life that they who have none of these conflicts have no right to suppose that they are Christians.

Society defends itself by its hating power; and society is to be taught how discreetly to hate evil by the witness and testimony of Christian men.

The Lord's day is a day of mercy, and is more broken by rigor without sympathy than it is by mercy with laxity.

When a man says that he is perfect already, there is only one of two places for him, and that is heaven or the lunatic asylum.

Of all battles, there are none like the unrecorded battles of the soul.

What the parlor is to the house, the Christian's Lord's day is to the week. The week is a house, and Sunday is the best room in it, and it ought to have the best things put into it, and it ought to be kept religiously.

Sunday says to that in men which is secular and animal, "Rest"; and to that which is intellectual and moral and social, "Grow."

Suffering rightly borne weakens the weak part of us, and strengthens that which is strong.

Many conversions only crack the shell. Paul was converted as the germ of a peach sprouts; it splits its shell clear off.

Christian graces are natural faculties which have blossomed under the influence of divine love.

Walk through to-day, child of God, as well as you can, and God will undertake for your future.

Too much looking backward and inward is bad for piety and progress.

Consecrating the life to Christ is not giving up all the pleasures and beauties of life.

It is not by fits and starts of conduct that we are to be judged, but by its whole course.

There is no single pleasure that a manly man ought to love the flavor of, which is not permissible to a Christian. Piety does not shut up the avenues of enjoyment.

We are not to suppose that they only are Christians who are beautiful Christians, or who are embellished with all the Christian graces.

No man ever came to a state of Christian eminence by waiting and praying alone.

A man must be trained and drilled into humility, as a soldier is drilled into military movements.

Every Christian grace must be put to school ; it must be bound out to apprenticeship. Men do not go to sleep under the Spirit of God a violet dry, and wake up a violet wet and beautiful.

When a man keeps a journal of his religious experience, he never will lack a fool's looking-glass.

The religion of Jesus Christ is not ascetic, nor sour, nor gloomy, nor circumscribing. It is full of sweetness in the present and in promise.

No man's heart ever grew rich, no man's heart ever had a God-touch in it, until he had learned to see God as one whom he loves.

A Christian just born into the kingdom is often like a loaf of bread when its materials are just put together.

The proof that the sheep belongs to the shepherd is that the shepherd bought him and takes care of him.

The men who walk in lonely places, thinking only of God and the angels, are not the most reliable Christians—are not the bone and sinew of the Church.

Christians should be like a flower-store : the odor of sanctity should betray them wherever they are.

If you want to be a Christian, begin this instant to love God, and to act like a Christian.

The highest form of conversion is where men instantly feel the goodness and the beauty of the Saviour, and, with hardly a thought of self, run to Christ and offer him themselves.

Gloom bears the same relations to piety that rust does to the sword-blade—it eats into it. The Christian is to exercise the lively emotions.

We only see in a lifetime a dozen faces marked with the peace of a contented spirit.

Grace is only nature blossomed out; nature won and warmed into its true growth.

Christians are like vases, they must pass through the fire ere they can shine. The graces which are to be their everlasting beauty and glory must be burned in.

The love of God shed abroad in the soul surpasses all fragrance in inexhaustible diffusiveness.

It is not enough for a man to have an idea of truth—he needs to have a moral shock that shall electrify his being, and give to the truth instantaneous and overwhelming power. The enthusiasm comes from God. Like other gifts, it comes instrumentally.

The legitimate end of the ordained ministry is to evolve a social religious ministering power in the congregation.

The supremest power of divine truth is not when it is uttered in idea-form, but when exhibited in heart-form, or as it is evolved in actual life-experience.

It will not do to be saints at meeting and sinners everywhere else.

A Christian is nothing but a sinful man who has put himself to school, to Christ, for the honest purpose of becoming better.

It is easier to reform any vice by becoming a Christian at once, than to attempt it from a lower motive. A man who tries to reform without the help of God is like the man who tries to breathe without air.

You can not be a perfect Christian in a moment, but you can begin to be an imperfect Christian in a moment.

A Christian needs to be alarmed when he has a great deal of good feeling and but little of good works.

Everybody has his *bête noir*, and Christians have theirs. We are brought up to hate the devil, and *devil* is the name for whatever we do hate. Our little Christian devils are—other denominations.

Men should fill their hearts with a sense of fidelity, of generosity, and of obedience to God; and then let God take care of the result.

If a man repeats his credo, or his ave, or his pater-noster, and is made more devout, it does him good in proportion as it makes him more devout. If a proud man performs penances and mortifications, and it humbles him, it does him good so far as it humbles him.

Unfruitful emotion is to be suspected. Feeling acts as an impulse, as a spur, as a spring, and when feelings are excited, and they put nothing forward, they are sometimes even dangerous to a man.

There are multitudes of men converted whose condition you can not determine by what you see of them.

Every one of the Christian traits—humility, meekness, gentleness, patience, aspiration, obedience—is a development requiring training, drill.

There is in the universe a provision by which men are helped by the Divine Spirit. God inspires us to the Christian life, and helps to the development of its graces.

A revival is nothing but a school for the education of the moral feelings, and is exactly adapted to the necessities of many men.

Love to God is the slowest development to mature in the soul. No man ever learned to love God with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself, in a day.

The great elements of Christian life are wrought out in men little by little. They are never suddenly produced.

We do not mean by a Christian a man that prays well, and sings well, and goes booming up like a rocket every once in a while—that is not what we mean by a Christian.

Love and faith at white heat are irresistible.

A man that is a Christian is not necessarily a man that is rapturous in devotion ; rapture is not the characteristic feature of Christianity.

Something to do, occupation, if one has great force of nature, is indispensable to the highest form of virtue, to safety, and to the development of the whole realm of spirituality in the human soul.

Suffering may be a rod to chastise; it may be a scepter to empower. Make it a scepter.

Put the saddle of patience on your back, and say to Suffering, "Mount and ride me," and take the bit in your mouth and be "exercised." Be broken, be trained, be disciplined. Go through the drill.

God crowns his soldiers after many campaigns and much night-and-day work. It is after they have been toughened in the struggle, and have come out veterans.

It is no harder to be a Christian than not to be one.

Early Christian experience is a single instrument playing; late Christian experience, where it is genuine, is a band of twenty instruments playing in harmony.

A man living rightly in his inward life, with his soul turned reverentially toward God, showing that his dispositions are just and loving toward man, is a Christian.

No man can afford to violate the unwritten customs of etiquette, who wishes to act as a Christian gentleman.

An unforgiving spirit puts a man further from God than any other thing.

There never was a period in the history of the world when there were so many high-toned and pure Christian families as to-day.

No man has a sense of God present with him upon a dull nerve, upon a low-toned or moderate state of feeling.

The pure in heart, the love-men in all sects and in all churches, are gods.

There is danger of substituting activity for the loving graces.

That which constitute the power of the gospel are divine dispositions, sanctified hearts, and glorified love.

There is great danger of an external rattling activity which shall leave the heart cold and cheerless within.

A Christian must stay in the world and make it better; that was what Christ meant when he prayed, "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world."

A fragrant flower fills the house with fragrance. You do not need to see it to know that it is near. So with Christian example.

Soul-aches are beneficial; but bodily aches are not. Nobody is made a saint by rheumatism or neuralgia.

When men have been brought into the Church, they have only begun. They are just in the alphabet.

Supreme allegiance to the Lord Jesus Christ is the primary act, which prepares the way for all the other steps which secure the salvation of men.

God puts the excess of hope in one man, in order that it may be a medicine to the man who is despondent.

The things that we are permitted to see in this life are but intimations, glimpses, of what we shall see hereafter.

The central faculty which warms, incites, and intensely influences the American mind, is hope.

Blessed is the society that is full of hopeful men. Hope perverted is one of man's greatest curses.

No grief has a right to immortality. That ground belongs to joy, to hope, to faith.

The Christian religion stands contrasted with all other faiths by the superabundant elements of cheer and hope and comfort in it.

The greatest architect and the one most needed is Hope. It builds with the flimsiest material—the fancy.

Hope is sweet-minded and sweet-eyed. It draws pictures ; it weaves fancies ; it fills the future with delight.

Faith means a sanctified imagination, or the imagination applied to spiritual things.

Faith is a recognition of those things which are above the senses—the supersensuous realm which includes divine existence, the heavenly state, the sphere of angelic life, where dwell the spirits of just men made perfect. .

A clear disclosure of a life higher than this would tend to defeat that education for which this life was instituted.

Faith is simply the belief of things not present to the senses. What is taken by faith, reason must interpret.

A man is bound to believe not only sincerely but correctly.

Faith is the realization of an invisible presence or truth.

The gift of faith with some is low and faint, and some have it strong and overpowering.

The highest order that was ever instituted on earth is the order of faith.

It is how much of the invisible that we bring into this life that makes this life rich and valuable.

When Christ said, "The last shall be first," he meant those persons never known outside their own neighborhood or their own home, who, in the midst of disappointments and adversities, carried themselves with supreme fidelity toward God.

There is no greater sweetness in this world than that of learning, and learning implicitly, to follow, provided you have one to follow who calls out your respect and inspires your confidence and your love.

Faith is nothing but spiritualized imagination.

He that is living by the body is living out everything. He is like a candle that is burning down in the socket. But he that is living by the spirit is living toward everything—hope, joy, fullness, refinement, elevation, grandeur.

Never a man wiped his dirty lip of beer or his dainty lip of wine, who needed not afterward to wash his lip with water.

Drinking is the devil's key; and there is not a lock of evil that it does not unlock.

Rum and reading are the two cheapest commodities of the globe.

The worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave, or a tippler.

Intoxicating liquors are most apt to take hold of those who are most precious, and to let alone those who are least so.

No man really ever prospers in this world who violates the law of temperance or the law of God in the great matter of purity.

In the end the sober always pay for the intemperate; the pure pay the expenses of the debauched; the honest man pays for the knave's debts.

One of the first remunerations of general temperance is this : that it sets the understanding like a lighthouse on the top of the head, and gives a clear and full use of all the faculties.

Gluttony, intemperance, sluggishness induced by oversleep, and the draining of the system by an inordinate indulgence of the passions, dull the reason, and make a man slow and inefficient.

A man who has lived a drunken or lustful life has not the sensibility, the purity, or the moral stamina that he ought to have.

Laughing is as divine as crying. Joy is more divine than sorrow; for joy is bread, and sorrow is medicine.

Woe be to the man that puts angels' wings on devils' qualities ! Wherever you go, if God gave you gayety and cheer of spirits, shine and sing.

All physical pleasures are momentary, however intense they may be, and there is very little memory of them.

Excitement comes from our lower passions ; but joy comes only from our sentiments.

If a man has sought first and chiefly the soul's treasure—goodness, kindness, gentleness, devoutness, cheerfulness, hope, faith, and love—he will extract more joy from the poorest furniture and outfitting of life than otherwise he could get from the whole world.

Mirth is God's medicine. Everybody ought to bathe in it. Grim care, moroseness, anxiety—all this rust of life ought to be scoured off by the oil of mirth. It is better than emery.

Saintly life, angelic life in heaven must be the sweetest, the gayest, the most joyous, the most full in every mood of fancy and of goodness. The blessed there carry light in the eye, joy in the heart, and ecstasy in every touch.

Blessed is he who has a sense of the humorous. He has that which is worth more than money.

Some joys are like sugar when there is just enough to flavor that into which you put it without revealing itself.

The fugitive, brief, though intense satisfactions that come to the nerves through the appetite and passions are not the foundations of joy in this world: they come with a moment's flash, and are disastrous in their flight.

The largest proportion of the happiness experienced among men on earth has been derived from social relationships.

The genius of Christianity pivots on joy. It is sweet, benign, joyful—not dark, painful, and ascetic.

It is not well for a man to pray cream and live skim milk.

Praying can no more be made a substitute for smiling than smiling can for praying.

Praying for others sweetens the disposition, and takes away every particle of the raven of scandal that loves to feed on carrion.

There is no harder shield for the devil to pierce with temptation than singing with prayer.

The laws of Nature are fixed on purpose to be used for the granting of prayer.

There is no characteristic of the new life more striking than the disposition which it develops in a man to prayer.

There are gifts of prayer that inhere in the original construction of some minds. The devotional tendency, which expresses itself in prayer, is sometimes a matter of original birth, and there are praying natures. But these cases are rare and exceptional.

God winnows our prayers, lets the chaff fly, and saves the wheat.

Christians pray on the principle that wine knocks the cork out of a bottle. There is an inward fermentation, and there must be a vent somewhere. It is the soul that prays first, the tongue wags afterward.

When one finds himself in a disposition that comes oftener and oftener, that is spontaneous, and that rises through an atmosphere of sympathizing love toward God, that atmospheric condition of the soul is the witness of God that he is his son.

Pearls grow in the most ungainly houses; and so we shall find the serenest souls, and the wisest, in the most unlikely places. If sorrow and poverty, and all surrounding vulgarities, disfigure ninety-nine, there will be found the hundredth, shining like a light, pure as a star in darkness.

No man is made a Christian once and forever.

There is no error greater than that of supposing that, when a man is once converted and brought into the Church, he is safe.

WICKEDNESS.

SOCIETY is knee-deep with men who have no other function in life than to destroy their fellow-men.

Men that do not do any good are sinners, just as the North Pole is a sinner, which has no summer, which is mighty in chilliness, which is ice, which is winter.

More than mosquitoes in summer are the thoughts of dishonesty that are round about a brain that naturally tends to be dishonest.

Our jails, taking the country through, are a disgrace to a civilized world and a civilized community.

Evil is eternal in the sight of God unless checked and cured; sin, like a poisonous weed, resows itself and becomes eternal by reproduction.

We never sin by evil faculties, but always by good ones misemployed. The simple overacting of good makes it mischievous.

When men are wicked, heady, obstinate, and under the full impetus of sin, they do not consider. That is one of the peculiar traits of wickedness.

Men may spend a long life without an indictable action, and without an honest one.

There is no place in a man's whole life where he needs to be so abrupt, so peremptory, as in breaking off from wickedness.

Instantaneousness is an indispensable element of health for a man who desires to turn away from an evil course.

Many people keep their old sins warm, while they go to try on virtue, and see if they like it. Such a reformation is a sham.

Men repent toward the frigid zones ; they think that to go to God is dreary and desolate in the extreme. It is not.

As the dew-laden bushes shake the drops from their leaves, so at one bound our hearts may shake off their burdens.

It is better for a man whose garments are defiled to take off the whole suit, and put on another, than to undertake to clean, spot by spot, with the garments on him.

There is nothing in this world which more men are mistaken about than the possibility of being wicked underhandedly, and having good on the top of it ; as a loaf of heavy cake may be coated with sugar.

As an eel, if he were to wiggle across the carpet, would leave a slime which no brush could take off, so there are many things which no person can know and ever recover from the knowledge of.

No man becomes desperately criminal until he has been genteelly criminal.

A speculator on the Exchange and a gambler at his table follow one vocation, only with different instruments.

Idle men's imaginations are full of unlawful company.

Salacious imaginations, villainous pictures, harlot snuff-boxes, and illicit familiarities lead thousands to her door whose house is the way to hell.

In every community three things always work together, the grog-shop, the jail, the gallows—an infernal trinity.

Vices, like weeds, ask little strewing, except what the wind gives their ripe and winged seeds, shaking and scattering them all abroad.

Indolence as surely runs to dishonesty as to lying.

The last results of idleness are abhorred, but it is not perceived that the first steps lead to the last.

Every young man carries by nature a breast of passions just such as bad men have, and should not allow wicked men to approach to seduce him.

There is but one resource for innocence among men or women, and that is an embargo upon all commerce of bad men.

All the shameless atrocities of wicked men are nothing to their heartlessness toward each other when broken down.

Sin is sweet in the mouth and bitter in digestion. It lies hard on the stomach. He who lives for the senses takes only one single kind of enjoyment, and so employs that that it destroys all the rest.

It is impossible to put bad men together and not have them grow worse.

Wickedness in society is all the time seeking to gain ascendancy ; and there is nothing to keep it down but the hatred of it which the educated conscience of society gives.

There is no escape from the mournful, melancholy fact that the whole race is sinful.

Men who prosper by wickedness lose their capacity of enjoyment.

A man's evil habits make the capital with which he will begin in the life to come.

There is to be a day of reckoning. There is a judgment-day in the bones, and in the nerves, and in the stomach ; in the heart and in the brain.

There are many men who would not blaspheme—oh, no ! but they will use cowards' oaths. They will not say, " By Jehovah ! " but they will say, " By Jupiter ! "

Nothing in this world is so heartless as men who have had fellowship in vice together.

Envying, jealousies, selfishness, self-seeking, infect the atmosphere we breathe. These dispositions are sand in the teeth.

No man is more cheated than the selfish man.

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Such ugly-quilled dispositions as obstinacy, arrogance, self-opinionated ways, sneering, critical, cynical, teasing, disputative dispositions, are hateful and produce hate.

The tiger, the wolf, and the serpent, lie low in the base of the human brain. Civilization and true Christianity tame them and keep them down.

Some men sin as foxes do. Some men sin as serpents do. Every man will sin according to his own nature and disposition.

A man may be a saint on his back who is a devil on his feet.

The prosperity of wicked men is like opium-eating. When men eat opium, they at first experience feelings of ecstasy, and have a glorious hour or two ; but then comes purgatory on earth.

God assures us that, whatever wicked men may attempt to do, the constitution of things is against them, and the wrath of God is revealed against all unrighteousness.

God says distinctly : " My face is against hot-blooded cruelty and passion, and lust, and sensuousness, and avarice, and all intemperance, and everything that takes away from the beauty, and the sweetness, and the music of the soul. I hate them all."

The wisest laws can not pen up a man that is a rogue. As water put into a globe of ten-inch steel, and subjected to pressure, will penetrate the steel, stealing will penetrate any amount of law if you have a rogue in the center and subject him to the pressure of temptation.

Do not envy wicked men! God sends thunder-bolts after them.

A small penalty that is sure and quick will do more to restrain men from the commission of crime than the thunder of a judgment-day, with all the apparatus of omnipotence, flaming in the far future.

THE CHURCH.

THEY are the descendants, the lineal successors, of the apostles, who are like them in heart—not those who have some sort of touch on the shell.

A man had better be a John, and go into the wilderness, clothed in camel's hair, and eating locusts and wild honey, than to be a fat minister in a fat pulpit, supporting himself luxuriously by betraying God and playing into the hands of the devil.

The Church is not a gallery for the better exhibition of eminent Christians, but a school for the education of imperfect ones, a nursery for the care of weak ones, a hospital for the better healing of those who need assiduous care.

The perfection of the church is never to be found in its lower forms of stupid union. It is to be found, if anywhere, in a splendid divergence of thought and feeling.

A church should be used as an hotel—not to live in, but to take food and refreshment in, on our way to our Father's house.

Churches are God's hotels, where travelers put up for the night, as it were, and then speed on their way home. Christ is the one door.

A sermon is good that has power on the heart, and is good for nothing, no matter how good, that has no moral power on man.

There is no denomination that loves Christ more than it loves the organization of religion on earth.

It is a wonder the true names are not put up over some churches: "Church of the Lucky Families"—"Church of the First Class"—"Church of People that are not Vulgar"—"Church of Prosperous Men"—"Church of the Long Purse."

The integrity of a church is to be judged by its spirit toward the poor in its own and every neighborhood.

The spirit of any church whose sole thought is to take care of its own communicants, is not the spirit of Christ.

Churches should be schools of friendship.

People in the Church are like persons riding in a stage all night. When day breaks and they look at one another, behold! they discover that they are friends, and, it may be, near relations.

It is not the dogma preached, but the spirit in which it is preached, that constitutes Christianity in a church.

To attempt to make the Church a spiritual Noah's ark—an organization for every element in human life—is to load the Church down at such a rate that it can never live and travel.

The Church is a stimulating, vitalizing point of influence; but it can not undertake the management of all those interests which are developed by its vitality—it is a power, a stimulating influence, as light and heat are.

Preaching, the living voice, to touch and arouse living men, is just as necessary here as it is in the islands of the sea, or in Africa; it is just as necessary now as it was ages ago.

Generally, when a church passes from a lower to a higher plane, there is one generation of doubters or infidels.

A church is corrupted when it wants Christianity for its own peace, and not for the amelioration of persons that are not members of it.

A bucket whose bottom has dropped out will not hold water; and a church whose poor have dropped out will not hold grace.

If a preacher stands in the sacred desk with all the resources of the gospel, and speaks without interesting his hearers, it is because he does not know how to handle his tools.

Suppose a pane of glass should begin to glory in its knots and wrinkles, taking them for ornaments because they rendered it conspicuous, how we should laugh! What knots and blemishes are in glass, that is self-consciousness in a church.

Anything but exhortations : stupid people exhorting stupid people—for the most part nothing but religious rattle.

As the boy listens to the wind and rejoices in the thoughts that the next morning he shall find beautiful ripe apples shaken off the tree at the back of his father's house, so the preacher often knows that fruit falls as he opens the Scriptures.

The schoolmaster stands nearer to the work of God in the world and in our age than even the minister.

That is the best church which makes the best men. The apostolic sects are those that make the most Apostles. Churches are to be judged by the wares they turn out.

Singing even more than prayer makes the souls of a congregation one.

It is the office of the Church to teach, not to train.

Human life is that great school where men reduce to practice the teachings of the churches.

Many churches are like conservatories in which the members are like a flower in a flower-pot—little sticks keep it in a particular position.

No church can be prospered in which all the ministration comes from the pulpit. The pulpit was never meant to be a substitute for the living experience of the Church.

The Church is not a cloister, nor are her members recluses. Religion is not a nun sable with gloomy vestments.

That sect is best that makes the greatest number of men of the best sort.

Some say that, when once a man is in the right church, and is properly ticketed and labeled, he is like an express package, that will either go through or else be settled for by the company.

Attempt to be aristocratic in the Church, and the Church dies.

People go to church to be told how to be the saint; they go into the world to *be* it.

Those who have joined the Church ought to be found by their companions to have become more mellow, more rich-hearted, more generous, more manly, more pleasant as associates.

A dead church with a liturgy on the top of it is like a sand desert covered with artificial bouquets. There are no roots for the flowers, no soil for roots.

A church has a right to the gifts of every one of its members, and the minister is set to disclose and develop them.

Ministers are fishers of men. A minister is an inspirer and driller of men. He is a power-producer.

Central among the ways of giving Christian truth to the people, and the fountain and motive-power of all other ways, is the regular and organized Church.

The preaching of mere sentiment may polish enamel already smooth, but such preaching never did and never will get hold of the community much.

The Church has a right to edify itself by the gifts of all its members. Nothing is more striking than the latent and undeveloped power in the Church to-day.

We shall never have full power-preaching so long as we depend on professional ministers. For they bear the same relation to the whole Church that the superior officers in the army do to the whole army.

Nobody is called to preach unless somebody is called to hear him.

In meetings, those accustomed to speak, emotive and imaginative persons, persons that are excitable, do the talking, whereas, the man of thought, who is a granary full of corn, never opens his mouth.

The ministry as a profession contribute more able men to the learned professions than any other profession, and bring up their families, on the whole, with more culture than any other.

To preach the gospel to the masses of mankind after a solid basis of truth, an inflammatory form of truth is needed, which takes hold of men through the imagination.

Whatever pleasures there may be in worldly pursuits, there is no pleasure in them to be compared with that which is derived from preaching the gospel to men, simply and fearlessly, for the love of it.

If the Church on earth were full of happiness-makers, there would be no need of further argument for religion.

Churches are good for what they do, and not a bit more.

Churches whose members rattle in them almost as the dry bones do in the coffins of the charnel-house, are arguments of infidelity.

Many churches are like nurserymen's catalogues. They contain an enormous number of names, but the fruits which they represent, when you get them and taste them, are of very little value.

A church without a lineage, like the Moravian Church, if it has achieved the reputation of turning out the noblest and the best men, has priority over every other church.

It has been thought to be the business of priests to take the consciences of men and knead them like so much dough into church biscuit.

There are men of the sweetest life and purest character, really in communion with God, who stand outside of the Church, because they think they have not complied with the conditions of conversion.

The biographies of good men give us nothing but the cream; the cream is skimmed and churned to butter, which is made up into charming rolls with the stamp of the church on them.

No man comes into the Church on the ground that he is perfect, so that we can afford to paint his portrait, and hang it up in the gallery of the saints, but that he is imperfect.

The heresy-hunters, the Nimrod ministers in the Church, always carry a rifle—a spiritual rifle—under their arm.

He that does not know how wisely to meddle with public affairs in preaching the gospel, does not know how to preach the gospel.

The attempt to include in the ecclesiastical bonds of the Church all moral instrumentalities, is against the order of Divine Providence, and against possibilities.

Those who go to constitute the bodies of the churches are men that are already beyond the average of moral culture and moral feeling.

There must be vitality, elasticity, variety, and liberty in church-life, or it will fail for the most part in the great ends for which it was established.

There are some churches that may be called passenger-carrying churches. All that is required of them, they think, is to take people off from earth and land them in heaven just as they find them here, or not particularly altered.

The men that ought to preach should be ordained in birth.

The laying on of hands can not make an empty head full, nor a cold heart warm, nor a silent nature vocal.

Pulpits are queer places—candlesticks whose candles won't burn—learned men, but can not speak; like deep wells and a pump that will not fetch water.

LOVE.

EVER since the time of Christ, the divine Helmsman has been steering the world straight toward the lighthouse of Love.

Love in this world is like a seed taken from the tropics and planted where the winter comes too soon. Care for the root now, and God will take care for the top by-and-by.

Love is God's loaf; and this is that feeding for which we are taught to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread."

Where there is love in the heart, there are rainbows in the eyes, which cover every black cloud with gorgeous hues.

God's law of love which the Jews had made stone, was smitten by Christ, and made to gush with water for the poor that lay athirst and gasping in the dust.

He governs whom love makes serviceable. The strong are few, the weak are many; and God appoints the strong to serve the weak.

Loving is like music. Some instruments can go up two octaves, some four, and some all the way from black thunder to sharp lightning.

Of all earthly music, that which reaches the farthest into heaven is the beating of a loving heart.

There is no tyranny more intolerable than a conscience unrestrained by love. Like an ill-loaded gun, it recoils at the breach, and kills at the muzzle.

Love is more just than justice; compassion will cure more sins than condemnation.

Love is the seraph, and faith and hope are but the wings by which it flies.

When God measures men in the next world, he will not put the tape about their head, he will put it about their heart.

Love can not endure indifference. It needs to be wanted. Like a lamp, it needs to be fed out of the oil of another's heart, or its flame burns low.

The nature of the highest love is to be exquisitely sensitive to the act of forcing itself unbidden and unwelcome upon another. The finer, the stronger, the higher love is, the more it is conditioned upon reciprocation.

Grief is near-sighted, and holds its trouble close up; but love is long-sighted, and looks at them in all points of view.

The heart is the alabaster box of precious ointment, and, whatever its affections touch, they fill with undying fragrance.

No man can afford to invest his being in anything lower than faith, hope, love—these three, the greatest of which is love.

Love is the medicine of all moral evil. By it the world is to be cured of sin.

As Moses was adopted by the king's daughter, so is toleration by love. It is faith in the truth of God, and born of hope, nursed by courage, and adopted by love.

Unity is not in government nor in creeds, but in faith, and hope, and love.

You never can sing so sweetly that the lion will let you take the lamb from his paws.

Never work with a sense of responsibility; it is a miserable foundation for any man, and one which will never sustain him. Love is the principle on which God intended we should work.

Love must come down. The little pulp-brained infant that knows nothing and feels nothing is the monarch of the household—the father and the mother are its two servants.

True love pivots on honor and respect—both self-respect and respect for another.

The heart is the same, whether under one or under another garment.

The father and the child are not enemies because they are at the two ends of the whip. The whip is held by the heart at one end, and is meant to reach the heart at the other end.

Love is the wine of existence. When you have taken that, you have taken the most precious drop that there is in the cluster.

The sweetest life that a man can live is that which is keyed to love toward God and love toward man.

Justice, like a comet, sweeps away from the sun; but love, like that comet reclaimed and turned, shoots right toward it.

Young love is a flame, but the love of the older and disciplined heart is as coals, deep, burning, unquenchable.

The life of love is better than the mere emotion of love.

Force and penalty are sent out by God's love, and are but its hands. Justice and indignation are but so many surgeon-hands of love.

Love that has no fear of God is always false and weak.

Love militant through all time and love triumphant through all eternity make two magnificent pictures.

Power may be venerable and wisdom may be admirable, but only affection is lovable.

Love without any conscience is namby-pamby. True love has in it the noblest sense of character out of a pure heart.

The love-work of God throughout the universe is the production of love.

Love is just. It is its nature to be just, to be true.

All other feelings write their memories upon glass with crayons. Love writes upon crystal with a diamond. For of all the heart's powers, this alone is sovereign, and, being sovereign, God has crowned it with immortality.

In friendship your heart is like a bell struck every time your friend is in trouble.

There is no friendship, no love, like that of the parent for the child.

Often the glory of the gift is that it is so given that there can be no return. It is helping one at our own expense that marks friendship.

There are many acerb, hard-faced, rough, severe men, who, though they will hew you with their tongue, will serve you ten times as much as many waxy-cheeked, good-natured, abdominal men.

Love is encyclopedic. Everybody who knows how to love will find out through love everything else.

Love is a quiver that has a hundred arrows in it. Sometimes it acts by pleasure and sometimes by pain. Out of love come truth and justice.

Magnetized and colored by affection, reason becomes intuitive, and is almost a certain teacher.

Nothing goes far which has not the wings of love to make it buoyant, so that it can fly.

What an ear of corn is without the grain, that Christianity is without kind, genial, sympathetic love.

We take a fish, and before we eat it we scale it, and dress it, and keep that which is good, and throw away that which is bad; and so we have to take our friends. He who does not know how to take them thus, but has to swallow them whole or to throw them away entirely, is to be pitied.

In the New Testament the word "love" constantly rings out its sweet, silvery notes, like a bell in some belfry, piercing through all other sounds. "Love" swings in the eternal belfry, and may be heard through all earthly noises.

Love is itself a perfect thing ; no other feeling is.

No man can tell another his faults so as to benefit him, unless he loves him.

No human heart is ever cured until you can find another heart to brood it ; for the cure of the heart is of the heart, and a loving heart cures an unloving heart.

There is but one single faculty in the whole roll of the soul's faculties to which every one in the nature of man consents to be obedient. This is the faculty of LOVE.

There is no passion, there is no appetite, there is no force which when brought into the presence of love, in its beauty and strength, has the instinct of rebellion in it. Everything bows down to that.

TROUBLE.

GOD washes the eyes by tears until they can behold the invisible land where tears shall come no more.

Half the troubles for which men go slouching in prayer to God are caused by their intolerable pride. We let our blessings grow moldy, and then call them curses.

A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad-track—but one inch between wreck and smooth-rolling prosperity.

When God sends storms upon men they must imitate the humble grass, which saves itself by lying down. It is better to lie down than to break down.

Troubles are often the tools by which God fashions us for better things. God Almighty casts a man down when he wants to chisel him, and the chiseling is always to make him something finer and better than before.

Many men are water-logged with anxiety, and, instead of quickening them, it only paralyzes exertion.

We march in life like so many soldiers, but march to a requiem, not to a pæan ; and the sounds that fill the world are sounds of mourning and of sorrow.

Like the emery and sand with which we scour off rude surfaces, evil and trouble in this world are but instruments. And they are in the hands of God.

Sorrows bring us closer to God than joys, usually ; but sorrows to be of use must be borne, as Christ's were, victoriously, carrying with them sacred prophecies to the heart of Hope.

Men are gold in the rock, and God plays miner and blasts them out of the rock ; and then he plays stamper and crushes them ; and then he plays smelter and melts them ; and then they are gold free from the rock by the grace of God's severity to them.

Troubles are God's love-letters, written in dark ink.

God rolls men in his snows, and feeds them with his coarsest food, and clothes them in the coarsest raiment, and beats them as a flail beats grain till the straw is gone and the wheat is left.

Men nurse their cares, and seem as uneasy without some fret as an old friar would be without his hair-girdle.

Many of our troubles are God dragging us, and they would end if we would stand upon our feet and go whither he would have us.

As, in the great cycle of the year, frost and dew are the same thing, and come with a like merciful errand, so is the Divine presence in the midst of great sorrows.

No one has a right to convert the outlying future into a storm-ground, and draw in upon himself its chills and blasts.

Knighted are we, not by the touch of any soldier, or king, or prince. Trouble it is that lays its sword on men's shoulders, and says, "Rise up, Sir Knight."

Sorrow is the fire, and troubles are the coursers by which men are drawn in the flaming chariot heavenward.

Suffering is God's regent in the universe, saying, "The way is a way of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace"; and therefore, when we suffer, it is because we are out of the way.

You might as well ask what is the origin of a man's suffering when he is learning to drive nails and hits his thumb instead of the nail, as to ask what is the origin of evil. He does not know how to strike straight—that is the origin of it.

No man is appointed to pass through this life as if it were plague-stricken and infectious.

We are in this world to be fashioned by its grinding.

There is but one way out of suffering, and that way is upward. The golden gate that leads into the paths which are peace is an upward gate. The nearer God, the less earth can afflict.

God makes the life fertile by disappointments, as he makes the ground fertile by frosts.

It is fear, nay, it is sentient suffering, that infuses our very earliest ideas, and precedes all ideas. Beginning at the lowest point we have to work our way gradually up through the social and spiritual element.

Many persons take their troubles by the imagination.

Anxiety in human life is what squeaking and grinding are in machinery that is not oiled. In life trust is the oil.

As the sea-captain's child trusts his father in the storm, so we need trust God in troubles.

Those things in the past which have seemed the most disastrous have been the most prolific of good.

"Let your conversation be without covetousness." Do not fidget, and worry, and vex yourself about how the ends are going to meet. You may be sure they always will meet.

Grief is beautiful, as in winter ice-clad trees are beautiful when the sun shines upon them, but it is dangerous. Ice breaks many a branch, and so many persons are bowed down and crushed by their afflictions.

Some sins, like asps, always carry their sting with them.

A tear dropped in the silence of a sick-chamber often rings in heaven with a sound which belongs not to earthly trumpet or bells.

Pain is like emery. If it scours anything that wants to be scoured, it is good; otherwise, it is not good.

Troubles are God's rains in this world. Irritations, rude convulsions, rough experiences, are the means by which God is preparing a moral soil for the future.

True suffering is the labor-pain of joy.

Suffering is as God's letter. Open it and read it. Many a one will find that he is titled, or that there is an inheritance laid up for him.

Two thirds of all the disappointments of life are not sent by a special Providence. Men butt against them.

Pain and suffering are, in the actual experience of this world, regulative, disciplinary, and formative. They are not accidental.

Our virtues are like crystals hidden in rocks. No man shall find them by any soft ways, but by the hammer and by fire.

There are no troubles which have such a wasting and disastrous effect upon the mind as those which must not be told.

Pain is God's midwife, that helps some virtue into existence, or some noble trait into a true living.

Many are water-logged by fear or anxiety, and sink.

It is by trouble that God puts temper into the heart.

Evidences are numerous of the design of Providence to pound us. We must feel the mallet and the saw, the punch and the bore. God is making something of us.

Do not imagine trouble; do not borrow it; do not die before your time. When God wants you to die, he will show you how to do it easily.

God's promises were first made to men in the most bitter trials. They are not summer promises.

A radiant heart lets forth its hope upon its sorrow, and all the blackness flies.

God girded men with promises which held them up when their good name was shot at. The men have died, but their charmed girdles are left. God's armory is full of them.

Troubles come to us like mire and filth; but, when mingled with the soil, they change to flower and fruit.

Many troubles can be cut at the root and cease. Many can be strangled. Many can be overcome by direct attack.

No man goes unbaptized in the waters of affliction. Where the Jordan flows in just above the Dead Sea, the waters we all are baptized in are bitter with the taste of sorrow and trouble.

There is such a thing as carrying one's self so that there shall be hardly any trouble or annoyances.

When we dig a man out of trouble, the hole that he leaves behind him is the grave where we bury our own trouble.

The things which men bear here are mere dust on the car that is speeding them to their bridal.

There is nothing so hardening as unspiritualized suffering.

No man ever grows to a full man's estate without the ministration of suffering.

The marvelous economy of earthly suffering, rightly understood, is an economy of cleansing and of beautifying.

We are born to suffering, if you call sorrow and trouble suffering. We are born to the anvil, and to the blows that shall shape us on the anvil.

Happiness in the world is universal; sorrow is exceptional.

God's mercies come more frequently in the form of sufferings than in the form of joys. God sends his cross to men to develop their essential manhood.

It is a bad thing for a man to talk too much about his cares to anybody. Cares are very much like pimples: if you let them alone, they will dry up and disappear.

When once a man is set free from an unwholesome subordination to pride and vanity, more than half the cares that now chafe him like emery, and more than half the troubles that now beat upon him and annoy him, are subdued.

Nothing is half so medicinal for our troubles as benevolent sympathy and occupation in the troubles of others.

As the storm-cloud draws its materials from the sea, so the great storm that lowers and pelts on men's heads mercilessly in this world draws its materials from the Dead Sea of the body.

Nothing strikes all value out of the ordinary affairs of life so soon as sorrow.

The suffering of a great nature, if borne silently and uncomplainingly, is irresistibly affecting.

Sorrows are gardeners: they plant flowers along waste places, and teach vines to cover barren heaps.

There is nothing which makes the world so empty, and so quickly empty, as great troubles when they befall men.

Trouble teaches men how much there is in manhood.

Tears are the alphabet by which God teaches us many and many a truth of wisdom that no book of philosophy gives us.

He who has by trouble been taught what manhood is, has his own strong castle, his own defense; and he can walk in the midst of life contented and happy, though he be frowned upon.

No men need the touch of trouble more than men who are greatly prospered in outward things.

Prosperity is good; but, to those who can stand it, adversity is better. God has revealed the wisdom of the heavenly world oftener to men in dungeons than to men in palaces.

TEMPTATION.

TEMPTATIONS are enemies outside the castle seeking entrance. If there be no false retainer within who holds treacherous parley, there can scarcely be even an offer.

A tempest seems to the beat of an eagle's strong wing to be but a zephyr. His strength of wing measures the power of the wind. When a man is unresisting, the least temptations become mighty, and fill the whole heaven.

Difficulties are God's errands. And when we are sent upon them we should esteem it a proof of God's confidence—as a compliment from God.

Temptation never works out anything. It merely gives impulse, suggestion, stimulus. If any evil is wrought out through us, we work it out wholly and absolutely. Temptation goes with the strongest faculties.

Temptations go along turnpikes in the human soul. They go where broad passions are, where broad tracks of power lie. They run with the strongest faculties, the strongest appetites, the strongest habits.

No man knows what he will do till the right temptation comes.

Many a man has been dined out of his religion, and his politics, and his manhood, almost.

Mountains of gold would not seduce some men, yet flattery would break them down.

All men are tempted. There is no man that lives that can't be broken down, provided it is the right temptation, put in the right spot.

We can conceive of nothing done by a spirit in the way of malignant temptation that is worse than that which we see every day among living men.

It is not when the cable lies coiled up on the deck that you know how strong or how weak it is ; it is when it is put to the test.

Temptation shoots with a strong bow, but with a short arrow ; and if you fly on a level the archer will hit you every time, while if you fly high he can not hit you.

Find out what your temptations are, and you will find out largely what you are yourself.

Ninety-five per cent of all the men who go down under temptation to an unlawful death, are men who were by nature generous, incautious, frank, genial, kindly.

Every man has had his battle with temptations. Every man has had his scars.

Men should deal with themselves as they do who carry dynamite to and fro. A man who is laden with explosive materials does not go into foundries and blacksmith-shops. He does not resort to places where sparks are flying abroad.

Men are all temptable, but they are not on that account all contemptible.

DEATH.

INDIGESTION, and its train of horrors ; neuralgia, and its warp and woof of fiery threads ; rheumatism, and many other ills that are common to man, are a hundred-fold harder to bear than dying.

It may be said, generally, that life suffers, and death soothes.

It is not very hard for a man to die, if he is built right—a great many men would rather die than give up.

It is ten thousand times harder to live right than to die right.

Death is the dropping of the flower, that the fruit may swell.

When men are death-struck, they are death-called ; and when men are death-called, they are God-called ; and when they are God-called, they are Christ-found, if Christ's people.

Nowhere is there so sweet a prospect as where a soul, in its early years, is flying away out of life, and out of time, through the gate of death—the rosy gate of death ; the royal gate of death ; the golden gate of death ; the pearly gate of death.

Death is not an end. It is a new impulse. We are discharged out of this life, where we have been like arrows in a quiver.

If dying is translation ; if, passing from sentience here, we reach a higher sentience in the world beyond, one can almost bear anything in this life.

The opening of the pearly gate—that is death. Going out into life—that is dying. Christ is the door out of life.

Death is represented in the New Testament as falling asleep in Jesus, and as going home.

Death is no slamming door of darkness, behind which sprites gibber to frighten men. Death is not weakness : it is the horseman of God coming for God's elect.

The grave has a pearly gate. The grave has no darkness. In the grave God has set his lens, and through it, as through a telescope, we look to behold the future, and we behold the celestial city.

PERSONS AND SYSTEMS.

THE world is richer yet by Moses and the old prophets than by the wisest statesmen.

When God made the Puritans he made them as we make swords, taking them through fire and water ; and they were the swords of God. When men pulled them out of their scabbards they wished they could push them back again.

Girard slipped through into immortality, and will be remembered, because he took money out of his own pocket and put it into the public veins. He that works for God's great scheme of benevolence shall not be forgotten.

The essential idea of Puritanism is God, everlasting, sovereign, immutable, eternal ; God glorious in holiness and fearful in praises. It gives breadth to the conception of the individual, and always goes toward liberty.

Many and many a man has died leaving millions and millions of money, who has not conferred upon society one tithe of the blessing which has been conferred upon it by Howe of the sewing-machine.

Jennie Deans in Walter Scott's novel is worth more than all the characters put together of many more fashionable novels. There is more heroic power in that simple character, in "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," than in many a moral treatise, and many a system of moral philosophy.

Goethe was an incarnation of refined selfishness.

Calvinism intensifies, beyond all example, the individuality of man, and shows in an overpowering light his responsibility to God ; hence those who hold it have been the stanchest defenders of freedom.

Other systems leave men soft and dirty. Calvinism makes them of white marble, to endure forever.

There never was a Michael Angelo nor a Raphael who did not go through drill.

Nowhere on the globe do men live so well as in America, or grumble so much.

A man may be put at a point where—as Napoleon was, or Wellington in Spain, or Sir John Moore in the north of Portugal, or Clive in India—he can make a special providence for a nation, for a race, for an age, for one land, or for the globe.

Dickens's books, though they are not theological or religious, are books which are in strange and admirable harmony with the message, "Good-will to men."

All the sounds will have died out of the sea before the hymns of Watts, and Doddridge, and Wesley will cease their carols and their singings.

To be like Howe, inventing the sewing-machine, a benefactor of one's kind, is to be like God.

Better to have written one of Charles Wesley's hymns than to have built the proudest monument in Egypt, or to have produced the noblest statue that the world ever saw.

Voltaire was more Christian, with all his scoffing, than were the so-called Christians of his age, as they were represented by a despotic and bloody-footed priesthood.

Paul was the imperial apostle. The nation from which he sprang was the imperial nation. Empire was its reigning idea. Through his whole life the genius of the apostle was that of a general launching forth to take possession of the world.

The interior villages of New England are her brood-combs.

In New England the good are very good and the bad are very bad.

Some critics, and for that matter most of them, I fear, rejoice in faults as buzzards do in carrion, to feed upon it; but a true critic is a surgeon, who cuts away the wen, or imposthume, that he may rejoice in the cleanness of a body restored to health.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE greatest forces are made up of units of weakness. A locust, a rat, a worm, an insect, simply by increase, is more powerful against skill, science, and every enginery, than the lightning or the floods of the sea.

Some lectures are like a pomological show, fine in the exhibition, and very juicy and refreshing afterward.

To gormandize books is as wicked as to gormandize food. You have no more right to be a literary epicure than to be a physical epicure.

The most of everything is that which is unexpressed.

There are flint words which, being struck, flash forth with a hundred sparks of association.

To represent heaven, whatever is most resplendent on earth must be gathered.

Nothing in this world requires such long seasoning and ripening as new thoughts.

The best things are the things never written.

A book is good company. It is full of conversation without loquacity. It comes to your longing with full instruction, but pursues you never.

A money-miser is bad enough. A picture-miser, a book-miser is yet more abject.

The literature of the globe to-day is humane, at least, if it is not spiritual.

The mystery of history is an insoluble problem.

The ideal is the glory of the world. It is the morning-star that tempts men on. Without it the race stagnates, and the world is a pestilent, miasmatic swamp.

What is easy to men of genius becomes fatal to men who are without genius.

That which distinguishes man from the brute is his power, in dealing with Nature, to milk her laws, and make them give forth their bounty.

Obedience to law is the method by which our faculties are quick in their just action; and true obedience is true liberty.

There are three schoolmasters for everybody that will employ them—the senses, intelligent companions, and books.

To read, to write, and to cipher do not make knowledge any more than a horse is a journey. It is that on which you make your journey—that is all.

There are two things that can not be rubbed out, and these are the natural superiority of one man over others, and the acquired superiority of true culture. Education and distinction in this country are going together.

In all material things, the more sincere you are the better, but the more sincere you are if you are wrong, the worse. In the latter case, sincerity is the mallet that drives home the mischief.

The choice must be made between the brain and the stomach; the two together can not be populous. If the one is filled, the other must be relieved. To work the head, temperance must be carried into the diet.

Health and happiness are like a generous hickory-fire—a bank of coals with considerable flame on the top.

A stolid and selfish man absorbs his pleasure, while a generous nature, like a bell, rings his out.

Ascription of praise to God is the utterance of the joy and gladness which the divine excellence tends to excite in us, and may be called a *caress of words*.

If you collect all the aches of any man during one year, they amount to positive pain enough to kill him fifty times over.

There never was a person that did anything worth doing, who did not really receive more than he gave.

No person ever watched with the sick, sympathized with the sorrowing, or carried burdens and bore cares for other people, who would not say, "The happiness that it gave me more than repaid me for all my trouble."

When a man pays his debts, he preaches in a language that is understood by more men than when he preaches in almost any other language that is spoken.

Mirth is the sweet wine of human life. It should be offered sparkling with zestful life unto God.

A woman's pity often opens the door to love.

To inherit a sound constitution, a mind of good quality and inclining to moral and intellectual pursuits, a disposition elastic and cheery—surely, this is to be born to fortune.

The best of all company for a thoughtful man is good health within and solitude without.

There is an army of waiters in this world.

To know that one has a secret is to know half the secret itself.

The one great poem of New England is her Sunday.

Chickering's grandest grand piano, with a fool playing jigs on it, is not so good as an old harpsichord, with Beethoven at the keys.

Every artist dips his brush in his own soul, and paints his own nature into his pictures.

If you carry a torch for yourself, you can not keep the light out of other people's eyes.

What clouds of needless prayers are daily floated upward, which never distill in rain!

In things of the heart, our knowledge is as a little child lying in a skiff upon the ocean, seeing only the sides of the pretty boat, but nothing of the great, underlying sea that heaves it.

The shells which the sea rolls out on shore are not its best. The pearls have to be dived for.

The passions need the rein and curb, but moral sentiments need the spur.

Next to ingratitude, the most painful thing to bear is gratitude.

The gate of heaven, as St. John saw it, was a pearl; but, as I see it, it is a mother's heart. Through that the angels of God ascend and descend perpetually.

Content and discontent should run in and out of each other in every true man's life. Every man should have a generous discontent with what he has attained, and strive to go upward ; and yet every one should be so much the master of himself as to refuse to be disquieted by his environments.

THE END.

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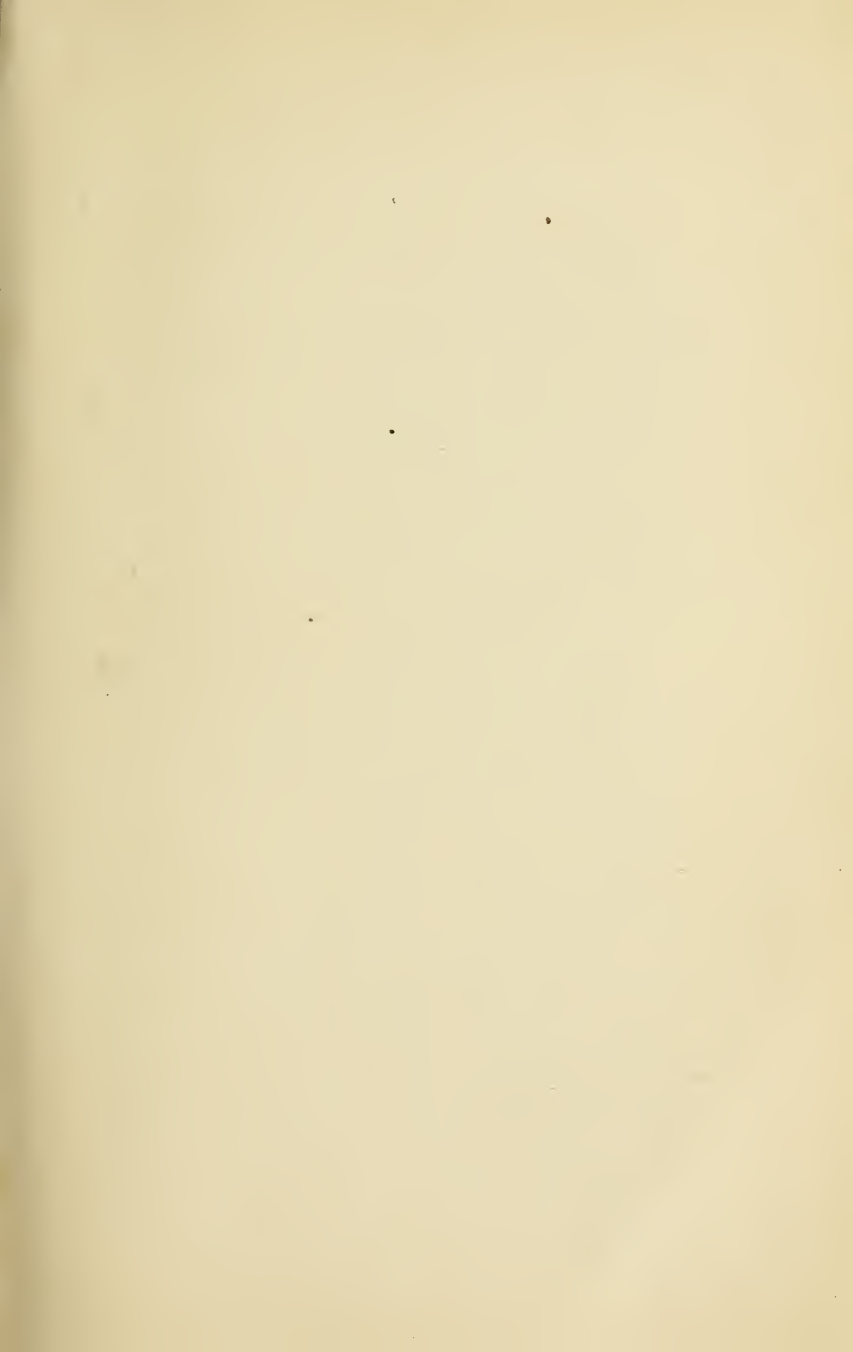
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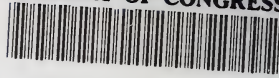
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